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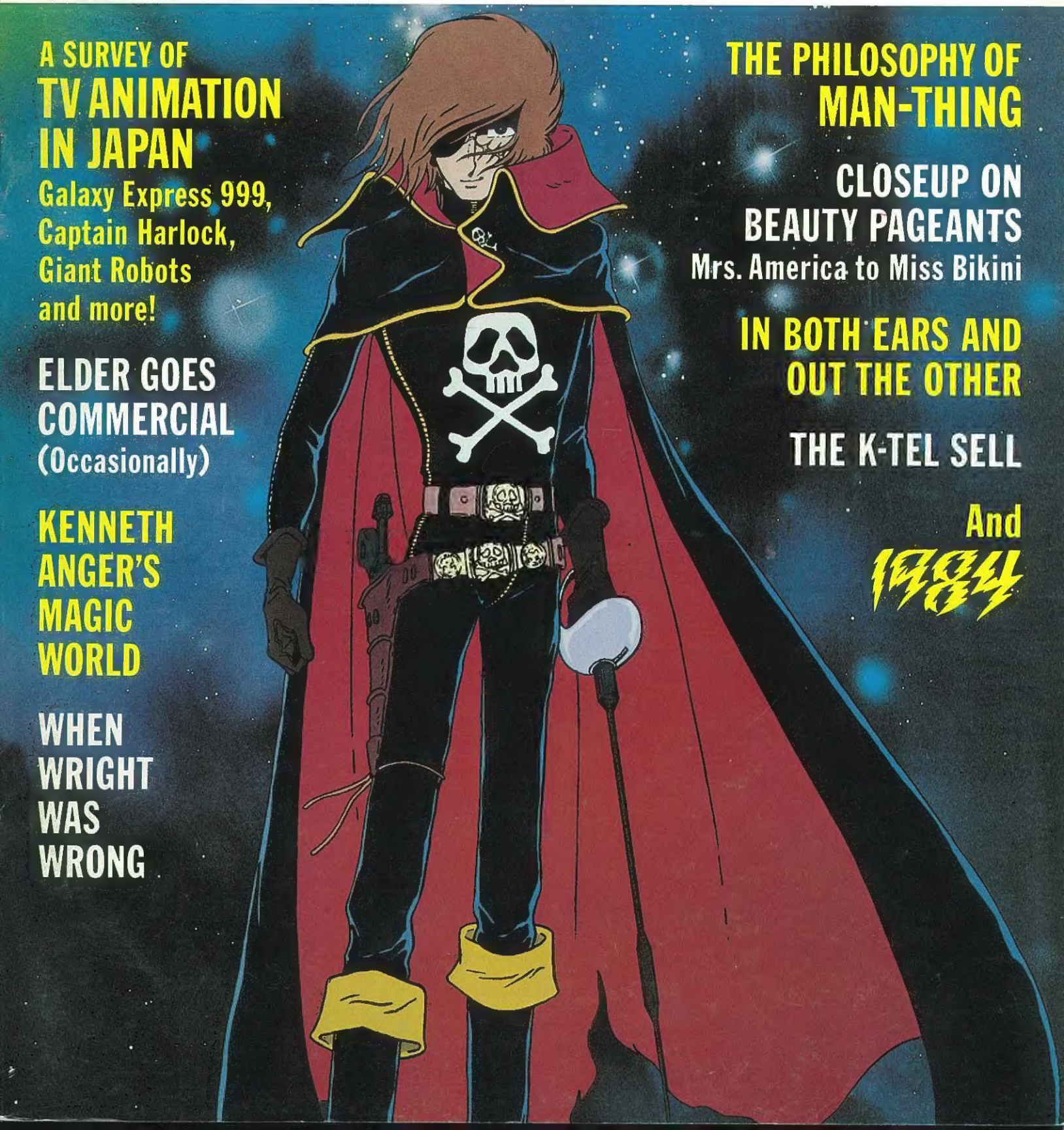
Fanfare



A SURVEY OF
TV ANIMATION
IN JAPAN
Galaxy Express 999,
Captain Harlock,
Giant Robots
and more!

ELDER GOES
COMMERCIAL
(Occasionally)

KENNETH
ANGER'S
MAGIC
WORLD

WHEN
WRIGHT
WAS
WRONG

THE PHILOSOPHY OF
MAN-THING

CLOSEUP ON
BEAUTY PAGEANTS
Mrs. America to Miss Bikini

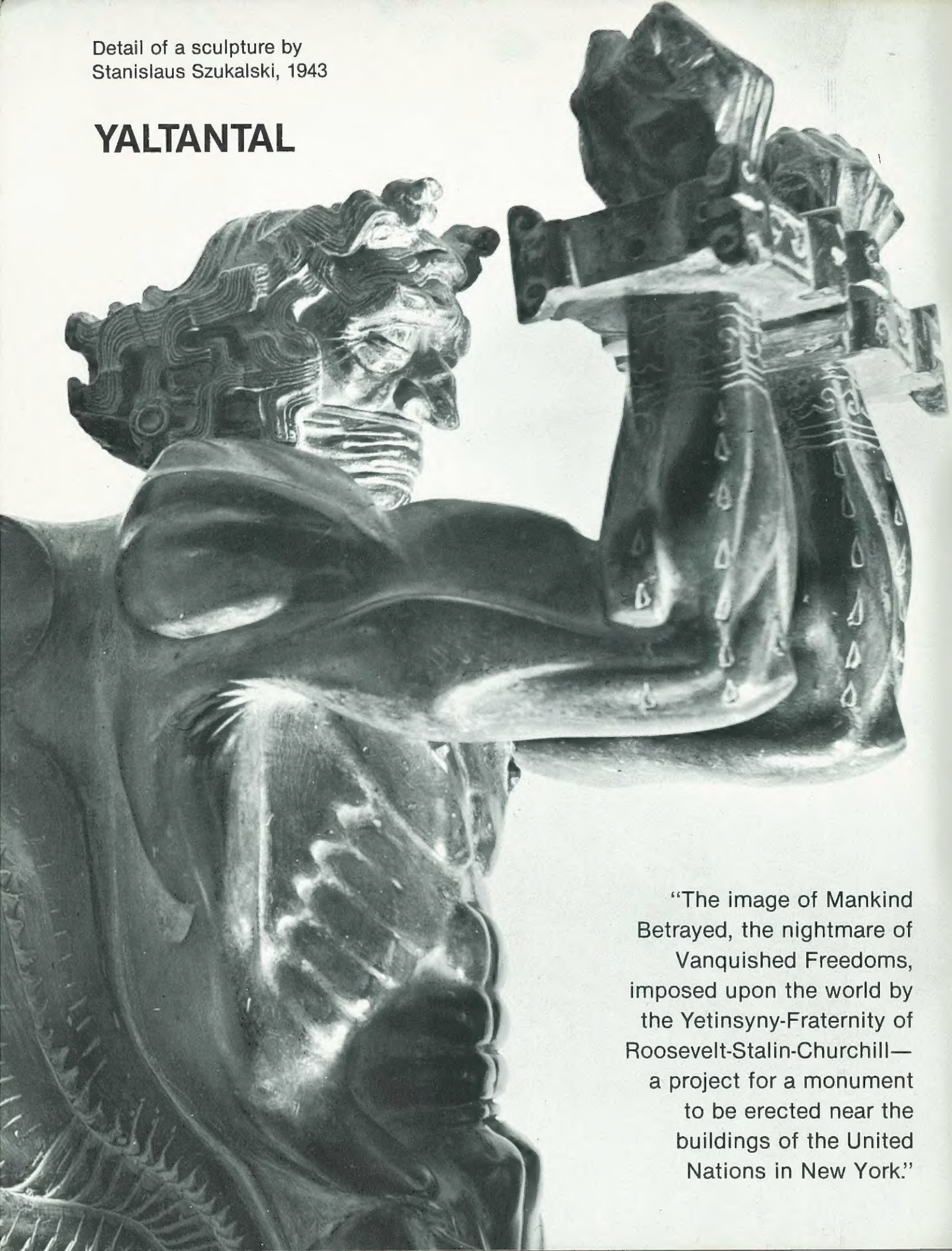
IN BOTH EARS AND
OUT THE OTHER

THE K-TEL SELL

And
1984

Detail of a sculpture by
Stanislaus Szukalski, 1943

YALTANTAL



"The image of Mankind Betrayed, the nightmare of Vanquished Freedoms, imposed upon the world by the Yetinsyny-Fraternity of Roosevelt-Stalin-Churchill— a project for a monument to be erected near the buildings of the United Nations in New York."

Number THREE Spring 1980 $2.50

Fanfare

The Magazine of Popular Culture and the Arts

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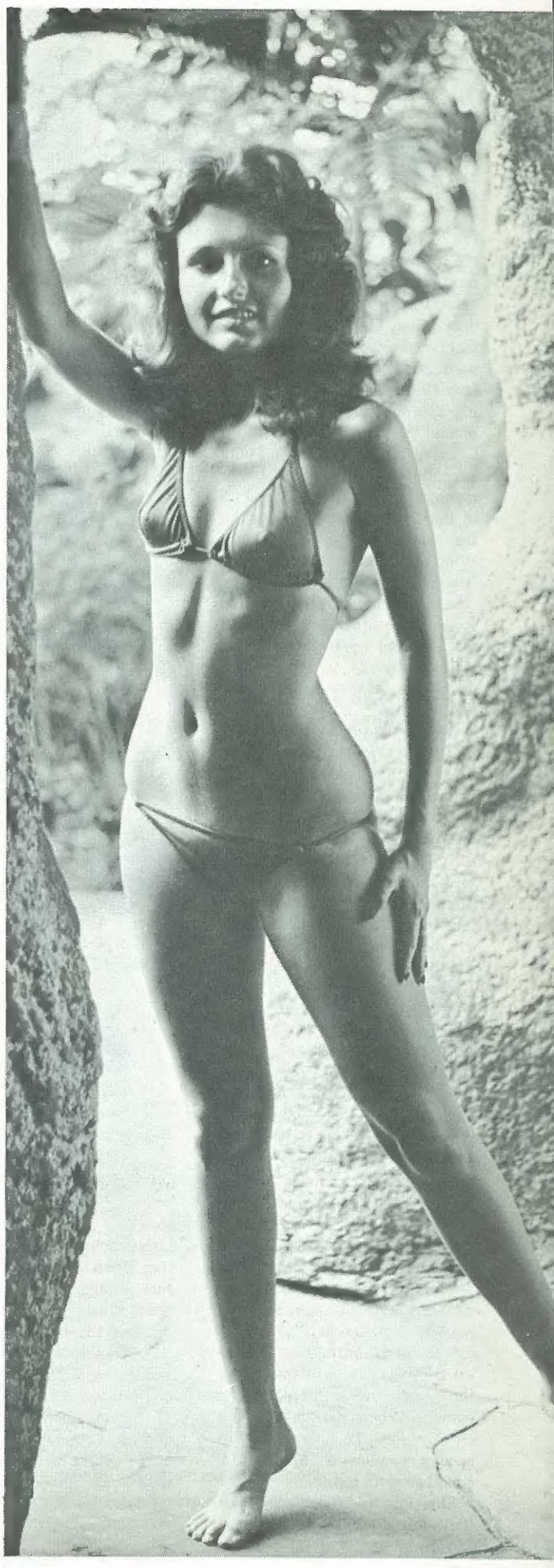
FRONT COVER: Toei Animation's tragic hero, *Space Pirate Captain Harlock.*

BACK COVER: "Lampooning a Norman Rockwell *Saturday Evening Post* cover, Will Elder depicts A VISIT TO GRANDMA'S, with the old folks beaming as the kids feed small animals to a flesh-eating plant." For the true unexpurgated facts behind this illustration, originally published in the December 1957 *Playboy* along with the foregoing caption, see Will Elder's letter on page 64.

INSIDE BACK COVER: Possibly the bloodiest superhero in the world—Go Nagai's supernatural thriller for Toei Animation, *Devil Man.*

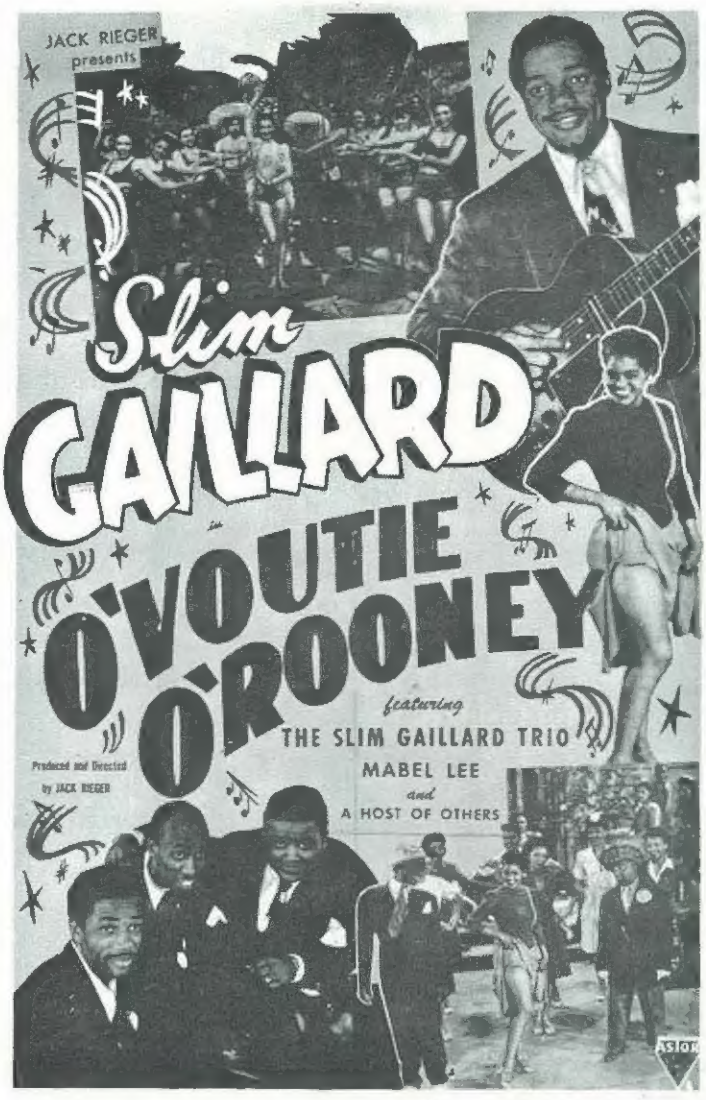
FANFARE Number 3, Spring 1980. Published three or four times years (or an unreasonable facsimile thereof) at 329 North Avenue 66, Los Angeles, California 90042 USA. Phone (213) 255-1958. Bill Spicer, editor-publisher. SUBSCRIPTIONS: 4 issues for $10.00, singles copies $2.50. Dealer discount rates available on request. Inquire within. WRITER, ARTIST AND PHOTOGRAPHER SUBMISSIONS: Always invited, though we can accept responsibility for return of material only if accompanied by the obligatory stamped, self-addressed envelope. ADVERTISING: Write for information on rates, size and copy specifications in both black & white and 4-color. COPYRIGHTS: Front cover and inside back cover illustrations ©Toei Animation; all art on pages 8-18 ©by their respective studios; back cover painting ©1957 HMF Publishing Co., Inc.; inside front cover and all illustrations on pages 52-59 ©1980 Stanislaus Szukalski; all art on pages 22-25 ©Marvel Comics; and lastly, editorial contents and packaging of FANFARE No. 3 ©1980 William W. Spicer. (Whew!)



BECKY TUTEN, "MISS SUNKEN GARDENS"
Photo courtesy of Gold Coast Model Agency, Miami

Short Subjects

The Slim-Slam Man



The 1960s was a time of musical revolution, but for musicians not involved in the rock scene it proved to be a revolting time indeed. Slim Gaillard, a star attraction in the 1930s and '40s with his jazzy novelty tunes, found himself reduced to working sporadic gigs as a cocktail pianist. So sporadic, in fact, that Gaillard turned to such pursuits as acting and apartment house managing. He seemed washed up in the music biz, not helped by the release of "Blowin' in the Wind," backed by a bossa nova number called "Little Bird." The creative minds at Epic Records had given him songs that suited the average male vocalist just fine. A mistake to be sure, for there's nothing average about Slim Gaillard.

A recording of his first big hit, "Flat Foot Floogie" was placed in the time capsule of the 1939 World's Fair, sharing space with Gershwin's "Rhapsody in Blue" and Sousa's "The Stars and Stripes Forever." Other hits followed, and the team of Slim & Slam (bassist Slam Stewart) enjoyed great success on records, as well as radio, movie and personal appearances.

World War II broke up Slim & Slam, with Slam joining pianist Art Tatum's trio when Slim was drafted. After his hitch was up, Gaillard came back bigger than ever, appearing at Billy Berg's in Hollywood, and recording with Charlie Parker, Dizzy Gillespie and other jazz stars. Drummer Zutty Singleton summed up this period: "Slim was doing great . . . he had a hit record in 'Cement Mixer,' and we had a Hollywood crowd almost every night —Marlene Dietrich, Oscar Levant, Betty Grable. Berg's stayed packed—you had to be somebody just to get in there. Slim's favorite trick was to do a takeoff on the latest movie of anybody who came in. I remember one night he got Gregory Peck by doing a spooky version of *Spellbound*, complete with music."

Slim followed "Cement Mixer (Putti-Putti)" with the sing-song nursery rhyme "Down By the Station," still played on TV's *Captain Kangaroo* some 30 years later. During the '50s Gaillard became the idol of beatniks in San Francisco and New York, vividly recounted by Jack Kerouac in his novel *On The Road*. Then came obscurity in the '60s, and what appeared to be his last hurrah when he teamed up again with Slam Stewart for one performance at the 1970 Monterey Jazz Festival.

But now, as we enter the 1980s, Slim Gaillard is once again finding an audience. In semi-retirement on his apple farm in Washington state, he's been lured to L.A. for bit parts in several TV movies (including the *Roots* sequel) and gigs at top jazz clubs.

Slim is totally unconcerned with regaining celebrity status. At clubs he spends more time with fans, autographing old records and sheet music, than he does with musicians, critics and TV bigwigs. No one ever accused Slim of taking anything, especially himself, too seriously. This philosophy appears to have worked quite well for him in the long run.

Sporting a white beard and a red tuxedo, Gaillard looks like nothing so much as the image of Babs Gonzales' fabled Bebop Santa Claus. The zany novelties still work their magic, yet people are often surprised by the snappy guitar solos and graceful piano playing emanating from Gaillard's hands. A touching rendition of his ballad "You're Just A Dream" prompted a rousing ovation from a crowd who expected only madcap hijinks from this versatile performer.

While something of an eccentric, Gaillard is not as dippy as he's often been characterized. Slim explains he never took a cab ride from San Francisco to L.A. just to present the enormous fare to a nightclub owner as a practical joke. At the time (just after the end of World War II) all planes, trains and buses out of San Francisco were booked solid with service personnel returning from overseas. A cab was the only way for Slim to reach his destination in time. Or so he says.

There is a sincerity and lack of pretention in Slim Gaillard that give his antics an almost dignified quality when compared with today's entertainers of the *Saturday Night Live* school of sophomoric comedy. Many of our current trends and tastes simply don't measure up to Slim's high standards. Can a man who savors "barbecued hippopotamus lips" washed down by "vodka and Clorox" be truly happy when the nation prefers Big Macs and pre-mixed Harvey Wallbangers?

Despite our mundane taste in food and drink, Slim Gaillard is indeed a truly happy individual. He spreads this happiness openly to anyone who gets a chance to see or hear him perform. Hopefully some record or TV variety show producer will get the message in the near future.

—Jonathan Pearl

Two captions we didn't have room for in "When Wright Was Wrong"

Before I ever begin a sculpture, I create the concept in every detail in the darkness of night, when my mind is so frantically busy, crowded with multitudes of notions and projects, that I cannot sleep at all. Though obliged to die for a few hours each night, I sleep in helpless reluctancy. I never use models. When I begin the shaping in clay or plastina, I work from memory only, never altering a single detail in what I imagined on sleepless nights. For that reason there is never any hesitation, and I finish the sculpture in one tenth the time it would take another, no matter how professional, sculptor.

HEIR (1953).

The term "inspiration" belongs to the vocabulary of laymen. A professional artist invents ideas, as an engineer invents a bridge or a new airplane. Laymen use words like "imagination" or "fantasy" indiscriminately in inappropriate situations. Imagination is a means by which a fantasy may be invented and attained. Only those who work without posing models, from memory, develop imagination—which means the ability to foresee things as yet unseen, nonexistent, to invent, devise and therefore create. Only with this ability to see variations on an intended theme can a creative mind pick the apt elements to create the perfect compositions for sculpture, painting, a microscope, or an electronic device. Creativity is a synonym for fantasy. Without practised imagination there cannot be any fantasy. Without a trained imagination no one can be creative. One who incessantly dreams, inadvertently practices imagination. High sexuality makes a male into an obsessive dreamer, an abnormal imaginer of wishful situations with the desired woman, in consequence of which he becomes creative.

—Stanislaus Szukalski

Alice was beginning to get very tired of sitting by her sister on the bank, and of having nothing to do; once or twice she had peeped into the book her sister was reading, but it had no pictures or conversations in it, "and what is the use of a book," thought Alice "without pictures or conversations?"

—Lewis Carroll,
Alice In Wonderland

Next time you visit a friend who has undergone surgery, don't bring cut flowers to the hospital on your visit. "Lancet," a British medical journal, advises that cut flowers in vases can lead to infection and should be avoided. Tests at the University of Miami Medical School showed that concentrations of dangerous bacteria form in vases within one hour after flowers are placed in fresh water. Some of the bacteria become resistant to antibiotics after three days. "Lancet" advises that flowers be kept out of hospital rooms in which the patients have been treated for burns, neurological troubles, or pediatric problems.

©1980 William M. Gaines

QUOTE/UNQUOTE: "For my money Harvey Kurtzman was the last major talent to be attracted to the comic format. And while he was an equally great editor, I've always thought it a shame that his art output was curtailed by being an editor. Ditto Feldstein."

—Landon Chesney

How Newspaper Picture Quality Varies

NEWS BEAT/TIMOTHY LELAND

A column about the news media generates a lot of mail, I'm discovering, and many of the letters raise some embarrassing questions. There's no sense trying to duck the hard ones, though, because the whole idea of a column like this is to be honest and open about the problems we have in this business, and try to explain them.

So I was pleased to get a letter the other day from a Chelsea reader who saw a column I wrote about newspaper photographs, and had a follow-up question on the subject.

The column had discussed the use of pictures that depict violence or death, but that wasn't really what the Chelsea reader had on his mind.

He wasn't concerned with the content of the pictures so much as the quality of picture reproduction. Specifically, why the quality of picture reproduction in The Boston Globe. Specifically, why the quality of picture reproduction in The Globe is so bad compared to the quality of pictures in a small paper like the Revere Journal.

But let the man speak for himself:

"Dear Sir:

"I am very curious to know why a weekly newspaper like the Revere Journal has 1000 percent crystal clear photos, and a big competent newspaper like The Globe still runs only so-so clear pictures? Revere Journal photos are so real and clear they take your breath away. You can't believe what you're seeing. What's the matter with you people at The Globe?"

I'd never had the pleasure of seeing the Journal, but it didn't take any great prescience to guess the secret of the paper's "1000 percent crystal clear pictures," even as I called up the publisher, Sidney Curtis, to ask. My suspicion was correct: The Journal, like a lot of other good small newspapers, has converted to a new printing process that is known, in the trade, as "offset."

Even the technicians, who understand the process, have a hard time explaining how offset works, and I don't really understand it at all so I won't try to go into the mechanical details. The result, however, is a quality of reproduction — both in pictures and type — that is far superior to the conventional letter press printing process.

When everything is just right, mind you, reproduction in the conventional process — used at The Globe and most other large newspapers — can be quite good. But the quality depends on a number of variables, and if any of the variables falls short of the ideal, quality diminishes.

Among the factors involved are quality of the original art work, the quality and fibre of the newsprint, the speed of the press run, the tension and pressure of the newsprint on the printing plates, the amount of ink applied, the proper etching of the engraved plate, the stereotype reproduction.

Many of these factors are eliminated in the offset process, which unquestionably is the wave of the future for the newspaper industry.

But unfortunately it poses some problems, at the present time, for large metropolitan papers like The Globe, which is why very few of them are currently employing it.

For one thing, converting the necessary equipment requires such a huge outlay of capital that large papers can't afford it. For another, the offset process still hasn't been perfected for large circulation dailies.

The plastic plates (sometimes they're thin metal) tend to wear down when a large number of papers are run off the press on edition, and the quality is greatly impaired. For papers with relatively small circulations, this presents no problem. They can use offset without difficulty.

. . . Which is why pictures in a big newspaper like The Globe or the New York Times are only "so-so clear," and the Revere Journal photos are "so clear they take your breath away."

Timothy Leland is an assistant managing editor.

© Boston Globe

ROLLING STONE'S UNSUCCESSFUL TENTH ANNIVERSARY COVER-UP!

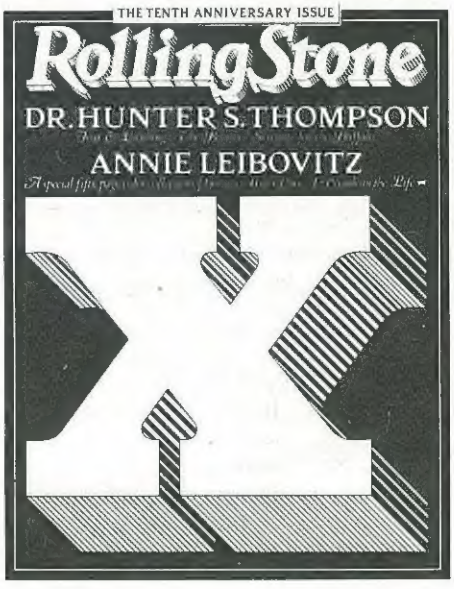
Rock journalism has often found stories in the rumors about various "hidden" messages—aural communiques in songs played backwards ("Paul is dead."), record jackets with subliminal imagery (Bob Dylan's **John Wesley Harding**) and words supposedly scratched in the record surface near the label. Now it seems that rock journalists, instead of just reporting gramophone graffiti, are experiencing it first hand in their own product.

Concealed (almost) on page 137 of the Tenth Anniversary Issue of **Rolling Stone** (December 15, 1977), are three barely visible words. In some copies, as Dylan once put it, nothing is revealed. A spot check of several newsstands at the time, however, turned up copies with the words clearly apparent in different densities of pale to medium gray.

What makes this curious half-corrected correction more than routine is the fact that the phrase is part of a caption accompanying a photo of Jane Wenner, wife of **Rolling Stone** editor-publisher Jane S. Wenner. Shot at a beach, the picture, by veteran **Stone** photographer Annie Liebovitz, shows Jane Wenner clad in white shorts with her bare back exposed to the camera as she looks over her shoulder into Annie's lens. The caption for this photo (and an adjoining one) reads, "Associate editor Charles L. Young as Sex Pistol . . . Editor's wife Jane S. Wenner." Innocuous enough. Until one discovers the almost subliminal impression of the hidden letters and realizes that the caption actually goes as follows: "Associate editor Charles L. Young as Sex Pistol . . . Editor's wife Jane S. Wenner as sex object."

Exactly what happened here? The caption was written by Associate Editor Harriet Fier (since promoted to Managing Editor), and 1000 copies of **Rolling Stone's** first roto issue were then printed. At this point, although editor Fier insisted that there was no editorial pressure to make a change, she found that "several people thought it was not in terrific taste." She rewrote the caption, and "lead was inserted" to make the deletion on subsequent copies. But, even so, the three dropped words from **Rolling Stone** gathered no moss but just enough ink to make a perceptible impression on the page. "It's like the Beatles inscribing things on records," commented Fier. Perhaps it all goes to explain why a 1977 film about counterculture journalism was titled **Between the Lines.**

—Robert Stewart & Jon White



No, Virginia, the *Fanfare* you're holding isn't the only publication in the world with that title. Two others bearing the same name have come to your tireless editor's attention.

The hyphenate *Fan-Fare* is a 12-page newsprint tabloid freebie published by no less than the San Francisco Civic Light Opera Association. Started in late 1979, the paper features news of CLO shows, record reviews, Nostalgia Time, stars' favorite recipes (Milton Berle's Chicken Paprikash in the issue at hand), publisher's commentary, and advertising.

The other is a digest-size, 160-pages-plus slick subtitled "The magazine for serious record collectors" that deals almost exclusively in classical record reviews. Other departments are Soundtracks & Shows, Jazz and the Pop Corner, all shorter sections in the back pages. Coverage is uniformly in-depth, articulately stated, informative. This *Fanfare* and the one you're now reading were both started at the same time, unbeknownst to either of us, about two years ago. Guess who's come out with more issues? Classical music buffs interested in trying one can order a sample copy for $2.50 from editor-publisher Joel Flegler at PO Box 720, Tenafly, NJ 07670. And tell 'em *Fanfare* sent you.

THE 1980 CIVIC LIGHT OPERA SEASON

FAN-FARE

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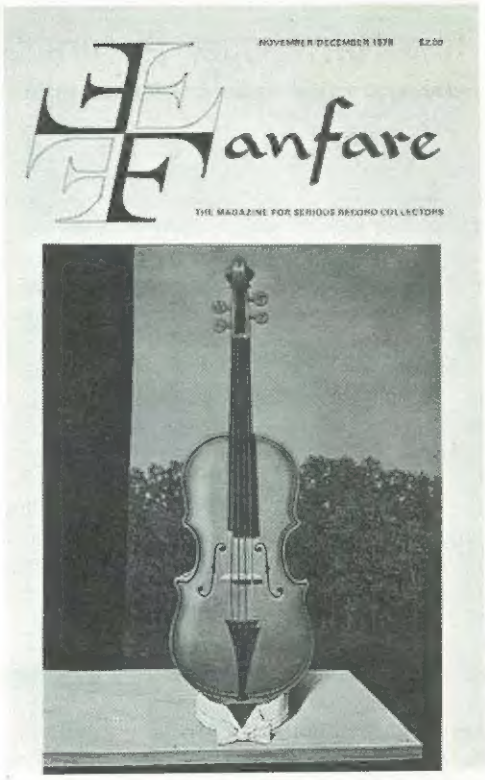
NOVEMBER/DECEMBER 1978 $2.00

Fanfare

THE MAGAZINE FOR SERIOUS RECORD COLLECTORS

The Making of a Chinese Fortune Cookie

By ENID NEMY

Every eight seconds, the deft findertips, long inured to heat, reach toward one of the revolving pancake griddles. A match-thin circle of baked batter is removed, topped with a slip of colored paper, folded in half and twisted together at the sides.

Three of the miniature griddle machines are in a corner of an unprepossessing back room on Elizabeth Street, near the Bowery. From this small-time assembly line, the Key Key Cake Company sends forth more than 10,000 fortune cookies a day.

For some time there have been plaintive comments that the fortunes these days aren't what they used to be. The slips of pink, orange yellow or green paper don't foretell handsome men, sudden riches or adventurous trips in the future. Almost inevitably, the cookies house such platitudes as "To do many things at once, one cannot achieve" or "Take time out to work, it is the price of success."

The woman who has thought up some 1,500 sayings over the last 15 years takes comments, adverse or complimentary, in her stride. "Some people like one kind of fortune; some like another," said Mrs. Philip Leong, whose husband is one of the owners of the company.

Mrs. Leong jots down proverbs as she thinks of them. They are printed when she, occasionally aided by other family members and friends, accumulates 100 or 150, which usually takes from one to two years. Mrs. Leong tries to keep the proverbs inoffensive and apolitical, although she can remember a time when "The Army needs you, Uncle Sam wants you" was not considered controversial.

"We'll have some more new ones next year," Mrs. Leong said, "and we're trying to get a few written by children because I think we all need a good laugh."

In the meantime, Mrs. Leong is working on a few romantic messages. Some, planned for the next printing, have young lovers in mind—"Your eyes, your lips, are warm as fire" and "To hold you and kiss you are my desire." There is also one for the disillusioned (there may be more by the time the printing order goes in)—"Why can't we love each other like we did before?" It is, as Mrs. Leong pointed out, difficult to satisfy everyone with a phrase meant to fit a 2½-by-½-inch piece of paper.

Mrs. Leong took over the chores of authorship from William T. Leong, her father-in-law, who started the business almost 40 years ago and is now retired. The company, one of five in the metropolitan area, services a number of well-known restaurants, including Pearl's, the Gold Coin, House of Chan, Trader Vic's and South Pacific Ports. Quantities are also sold to Chinese grocery stores.

The origin of the fortune cooky is apparently shrouded in mystery. According to Grace Zia Chu, author of "The Pleasures of Chinese Cooking," the cooky was known in China, but the delicacy, flat or folded, held no fortune.

"I think the fortune part was created in America," Mrs. Chu said. "The only part known in China was the egg batter recipe."

The company has 15 employees, all of them male. "If there were women in there, we'd have to hold the men back in their language and mannerisms," Mr. Leong explained. "You have to have respect for women. As it is, the men can speak freely."

The speaking freely is done mainly in Chinese. Some of the older employes were born in China, others are American born. Their work day, through choice, starts at 7 A.M. with a lunch break, usually for rice, at 10 A.M. and tea at noon.

"Nobody wants to work late," Mr. Leong said. "Everyone wants to beat traffic." Employes leave at 3 P.M.

Mr. Leong, who was born here and who studied in China for four years before the war, said he may be the last of his family in the business. "My sons aren't interested" he said.

The company sells fortune cookies, eight dozen to a box for $1.35 but will sell only in quantities of 10 boxes or more. They will also, given sufficient time, insert special fortunes on order. One of their recent special orders read: "Fortune say: Man who has done a lot, will do more. Vote for Rockefeller."

©1979 New York Times

Tomorrow he'll probably go to the movies

MIAMI, Fla. (AP) — It's a good bet that Paul Morgan, 91, will be at the movies today. And tomorrow. And the next day. With few exceptions, he has spent the last 9,125 days — 25 years — at the movies.

"I get tired of sitting at home," explains Morgan, who has lived in a one-bedroom apartment for the last 36 years. "It gets so boring, I can't even stay home on Sundays." So after his 9 a.m. breakfast of four dried prunes and two eggs, Morgan strolls to a nearby theater — the same theater every day, no matter what's playing there.

"He's always been first in line every day since I came here nine years ago," says John McCormick, manager of the Rio Theater. "He doesn't play favorites. He likes all the films. We've never been able to pin him down on a specific film or even a specific star he's enjoyed the most."

A long-time widower, he figures he's spent 55,000 hours and at least $5,000 watching the silver screen over the past quarter of a century. Morgan says that between Social Security and the money he earns cleaning rooms at his apartment house, he has no problem meeting the Rio's 75-cent matinee tab. And he doesn't care if he sees the same movie four times in two days — the Rio changes the double-feature about twice a week. Friday, for instance, he sat through two showings of "Nightmare in Wax" and 1½ unreelings of "The Wild Rebels."

"This is how I like to spend my time," he said while standing at the candy counter. "It's my life in here. Tomorrow, maybe I'm dead. I don't know what God is going to do."

—South Middlesex News, 7-7-74

Notes in Praise of Black & White

By RALPH CAPLAN
Writer & Communications Consultant
NEW YORK

In the world of living color, we need to be reminded of how well the world is served by black and white. In printing technology, in photography, in films and television, black came first. Color, therefore, was a breakthrough. Technologically it was an advance, but not one that necessarily makes everything better. It only makes *some* things better.

There are some technologies that have been supplanted by new ones and are consequently lost to us now, in the way that some people fear that the ubiquity of pocket calculators will make adding and subtracting in one's head a lost art. But this is in no way true of black and white reproduction. Color has extended the possibilities of black and white but has not supplanted it.

A sunset photographed in black and white may be exciting in its own right, but without the verisimilitude one may want. Two nuns walking in the snow are another story, and very likely an equally moving one.

I neither own nor want a color television set. When I watch color television in the homes of friends, I am often surprised but never covetous. While the real world is colored, it is never colored *that* way.

Maybe my resistance has to do with the way I use television. Mostly I watch old movies, and the ones I like best are black and white. I do not believe this is nostalgia. I believe it has more to do with the difficulty of making a good film at all. Limiting the color range (either by choice or by primitive technology) helps the director concentrate on what matters.

Lately I've been watching baseball. Again, black and white is superior. I know the grass in Fenway Park is green, but so what? (Astroturf is green too, but only because its role model is.) No optical adjustment is necessary. Baseball in any case is a peculiar sport, designed for things never to go smoothly. Football and soccer are about power and speed and skill. Baseball at its most interesting is about errors. Somehow, things go wrong better in black and white. Chaplin, The Keystone Kops, Fatty Arbuckle —slapstick resists a filter. But the force of black and white is not all negative. The drama of success is more intense in black and white: what more could Graig Nettles *do* in living color?

I have the same bias in regard to still photography. Is there a color photograph anywhere that has the poignance of black and white? Probably, but not for me. Whether family albums or high fashion photography, the reduction of values provides the power of pure contrast.

Another irrational bias is probably related: I won't look at slides, except in connection with work. One summer in Seattle I offended a dinner party host by leaving before dinner. That was because before dinner he showed slides of his fishing trip. As it happens, he is a first-rate photographer (and a good fisherman too, for all I know), but I always resent this kind of thing and get no pleasure from it. Maybe if travel slides were black and white...

Documentary photography, almost always done in black and white, has a certain immediacy that distinguishes photojournalism from photoanythingelse. But in "soft" journalism—such as travel documentaries—black and white is too stark.

A midwestern graphic designer I know is charmed by Holstein Friesian dairy cows. Not only are these cows black and white, but their black and whiteness determines their eligibility for registration. They may not be solid black or solid white, may not have black in the "switch," solid black bellies, one or more legs encircled with black touching the hoof, black on one or more legs beginning at the hoof and extending to or above the knee or hock, or black and white intermixed into greyishness.

The designer keeps trying to put Holstein cows into all of his designs; and clients (some of whom feel unfairly represented by bovine images) keep rejecting them. At present, though, he is designing a book that has in it a color photograph of cows. He is having the picture retouched to make the cows acceptable for registration.

Cows. Somewhere Eleanor Wylie (I think) has a line that goes, "Whiter than white milk from a white cow." A professor I had was mightily pleased with that line and loved to exclaim, "Only a poet would think that milk from a white cow is whiter than any other milk!"

Reprinted from *The Printing Salesman's Herald*, ©1979 Champion Papers.

Press release from the Institute for Scientific Analysis, 10-30-79:

A comic book has won a special award for a series portraying alcohol addiction in the life of a superhero. The story is "Iron Man," and the award was given by the AIMS Foundation of Los Angeles.

The series was described by Dr. James R. De Foe, president of the foundation and associate director of a project studying how the media portray drinking, funded by the National Institute of Alcohol Abuse and Alcoholism.

"Iron Man is the alter ego of Tony Stark, millionaire playboy and industrialist," De Foe said. "He was a social drinker who began drinking heavily when financial reverses hit his company. For the past year the young reader could see what alcohol abuse can do to a strong man.

"Tony's thinking processes and decision-making abilities deteriorated; his judgment was gone; he was unable to work efficiently; he angered close friends and trusted associates. Finally his only friend was a bottle; the bottle was helping him escape reality. The pain was leading him to slow suicide by drinking — a path followed by thousands of other Americans.

"The young reader might think: 'If a superhero can't handle alcohol, what might it do to an ordinary guy like me?'

"After one setback, Tony reaches for the bottle, but feels a hand on his arm. It is his friend Beth, who asks, 'Wouldn't a gun be quicker?' She tells him he is repeating the folly of her ex-husband, who died of a drug overdose.

"There follows a long struggle of withdrawal, shown much more realistically than the 'miracle cure' frequently seen in the media. Tony is pictured literally 'sweating it out.' At one point the book tells us, 'he knows that merciful escape is but a shot glass away.'

"With the help of Beth and other friends he finally makes the decision to stop drinking. In the next issue he declines a drink and orders ginger ale.

"Future issues will show Iron Man as a recovering alcoholic, always aware he is one of those who cannot handle liquor. This is the first time a comic book superhero has changed his personality with respect to liquor. There is no preaching, just a strong man's story. It shows that alcoholism can be treated, and that the person can return to normal living."

To be commended, Dr. De Foe said, are Stan Lee, Jim Shooter and their colleagues of the Marvel Comics Group, publishers of the book.

PATTY HEARST: The Reel Story

Shana Alexander is working on a Patty Hearst book for Viking; Tim Findley has been asked to do one for *Rolling Stone's* Straight Arrow Books; and Curt Gentry and trial lawyer Vincent Bugliosi are writing one for Norton. They may or may not be interested in a bit of film esoterica passed along to us by an office buff.

In *Runaway, Romany* (1917), Marion Davies, constant companion of Hearst the First, played a wealthy man's blond daughter who is kidnapped by a band of gypsies. The father dedicates his life and part of his fortune to her recovery. The daughter, renamed Romany by her abductors, has one friend outside the gypsy camp, virile Bud Haskell. She flees to him to avoid marrying swarthy Zinga, son of the gypsy chief. And in the last reel, Romany returns home to dear old dad.

Reviewers of the day found the plot a mite trite.

—New York Magazine, May 27, 1974

BIG SCREENS

You could call projection TV a new idea whose time has come, but you'd be more accurate if you called it an old idea whose time has passed and come back.

The first projection-TV sets appeared in American homes more than 30 years ago. In fact, TV's archives indicate that more than 40,000 were sold in the black-and-white days of 1945 through 1947, and they served exactly the same purpose as they do today — overcoming the size limitations of the direct-view picture tube. In television's infancy, picture-tube screens were very small—generally 7 to 12 inches—and glass technology precluded the economical manufacture of larger sizes. The answer to the demand for larger pictures was to use lens and mirror assemblies to project the image onto an external screen or magnifying mirror. Then, as now, a home projection TV was simply a projector, working on optical principles similar to those used in a movie or slide projector — only instead of an incandescent bulb, the light source was one or more cathode-ray tubes. When larger direct-view tubes became practical, home projection sets moved on to the science and technology museums — or the town dump.

—David Lachenbruch, from "Your Complete Guide to Giant-Screen Sets," PANORAMA #2, March 1980

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TV Animation in Japan

By Fred Patten

Daytime kids' animated cartoons don't usually get much attention, so nobody particularly noticed when a new program called *Astro Boy* went on the air here in the summer of 1963. It happened to be an import from Japan. It ran for a couple of years, then faded into re-runs and disappeared. A handful of other TV cartoons came from Japan during the 1960s: *Gigantor, Eighth Man, Marine Boy, Kimba The White Lion* and *Speed Racer.* None lasted more than a brief time. Since the same could be said for almost any animated cartoon TV program, this attracted no notice. Most viewers never realized these were not American cartoons. If they did, they must have concluded that animation was not popular in Japan since there seemed to be so few programs.

In fact, these programs were the early efforts of an immensely successful Japanese TV cartoon industry. Today the number of Japanese TV cartoons is about to pass the 300 mark. There are a couple of dozen new animated cartoons shown in prime time in Japan at any given moment. Hanna-Barbera has reportedly been preparing a cartoon adaptation of Johanna Spyri's *Heidi* for years, but a Japanese version was released as long ago as 1974. It ran 50 episodes in TV serialization, and was edited into a theatrical-feature condensation — a hit not only in Japan but throughout Western Europe and Latin America. *From The Apennines To The Andes* (1976), soap-opera about a poor Italian family that emigrates to Argentina, ran for a year in Japan and in almost every Spanish-speaking Western Hemisphere nation. In 1978 a Japanese cartoon science fiction serial dubbed into French, *UFO Robot Grandizer* (called *Goldorak* in France), made headlines by becoming the first TV program to get a 100 share. Italian animator Bruno *(Allegro Non Troppo)* Bozetto was asked during a recent tour of America what kinds of cartoons he himself enjoyed; he chuckled and said he and his young children were addicted to the Japanese giant-robots being shown on Italian TV.

The first Japanese TV cartoon was broadcast on January 1, 1963. It was nine months before a second program was ready, and less than ten animated shows altogether had appeared by the end of 1964. But in 1965 fourteen different programs from seven different studios went on the air. The number of shows has gradually increased each year until, in 1979, over thirty new ones appeared (series and special features), to join many popular cartoons continuing from 1978 and earlier — in prime time. This doesn't include the number of old cartoon programs in syndicated re-runs. A December 1979 monthly all-Japan TV guide of animated cartoons alone contains over 850 listings.

The Japanese TV cartoon industry was created by Osamu Tezuka, often called the "Disney of Japan", who had largely created the Japanese comic-book industry ten to fifteen years earlier. There had been comic-strip stories and theatrical animated cartoons before Tezuka, but they were individual and rather infrequent works, usually in the traditional Japanese art style. Tezuka was a fan of American cartoons, especially the Fleischer *Popeyes* and anything by Disney. The comic books he began drawing in the late 1940s were done in the American "big foot" style, filled with cinematic techniques: close-ups, pans, dissolves. By the early 1950s Tezuka had become so popular that he set up a studio of assistants to help him produce hundreds of stories for a wide variety of magazines and newspapers. In 1959 Toei Animation, Japan's major theatrical cartoon studio, decided to make a feature film of the ancient Chinese *Monkey King* legend and selected a 1953 comic-book version by Tezuka as its model. Tezuka assisted and received co-director and screenplay credit. It was released in August 1960, and can be seen today on American TV as *Alakazam The Great.*

It is likely that this experience wasn't without influence on Tezuka, but what really spurred him to open his own studio was the creation in America of made-for-TV animation. By the end of the 1950s American television had run through three decades' worth of theatrical animated shorts. This was also the period when the major studios closed their animation departments. Television needed fresh cartoons, and new studios such as Hanna-Barbera were created to supply them, in limited animation. Tezuka felt he was in a position to do the same for Japanese TV.

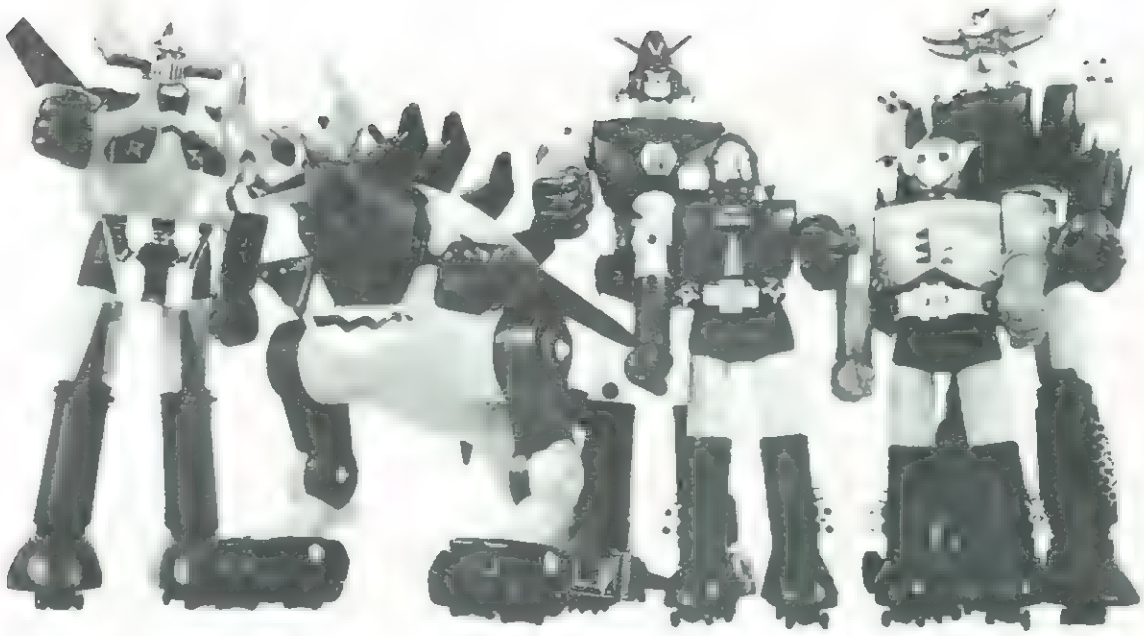
Tezuka's studio, Mushi Productions, opened in June 1961. The first year and a half were spent in getting financial backing and going into production. The result debuted on Japanese TV on New Year's Day 1963 — *Astro Boy,* an adaptation of Tezuka's most popular comic book series of the '50s. Astro Boy was a robot packed with superscientific gimmickry, but he was designed to duplicate his inventor's young son who had recently been killed in an automobile accident. The result was a flying android who was emotionally a boy about 13 years old, using his powers as a super-hero in the futuristic world of 2000 A.D. The program was fast-paced and filled with tongue-in-cheek humor, but it contained the underlying poignancy of Astro Boy's trying to be a real human when he was just an artificial boy.

As soon as it was evident that *Astro Boy* was a big success—it ran for four years and a total of 193 half-hour episodes—other animation studios sprang up. Some were independent while others were new units opened by established movie studios. For the first couple of years all Japanese TV animation was in black & white. Tezuka inaugurated color TV cartoons in 1965, with another program based on one of his comic books of the '50s, *Kimba The White Lion.* (NBC deserves some credit here, because Tezuka had tried to pre-sell the program to American TV before he filmed it, and NBC refused to buy a black-&-white product.) Within a few years all Japanese cartoons were in full color.

One major reason for the greater popularity of TV cartoons in Japan than in America lies in the basic attitude toward cartoons in the two cultures. In Japan,

Mushi Productions' ASTRO BOY.

Facing page: A 1940s American science fiction hero becomes a 1970s Japanese science fiction TV star in Toei Animation's CAPTAIN FUTURE. Planet Patrol officer Joan Randall; Curtis "Captain Future" Newton; kid assistant Ken Scott; Otho the android; Oog the meteor mimic; Grag the robot; on his shoulder, Eek the moon-pup; floating brain Simon Wright; and Cap's ship, the Comet.



A Toei Animation brochure shows some of the toys based upon its various giant-robot TV animation programs.

cartoons are considered a legitimate form of artistic and literary expression. Whether a cartoon happens to be for children or adults depends upon the treatment given to that particular cartoon. In America, cartoons are considered to be almost exclusively children's fare. Until the 1978 theatrical features *The Lord Of The Rings* and *Watership Down*—neither of which have had any influence on TV-watching attitudes— the only cartoons considered "for adults" have been light comedies, usually seasonal TV specials. There is no market in America for serious mature stories in animated-cartoon form. And, because the Japanese accept a higher degree of realism in their programs for children than is considered appropriate for American children, many of the Japanese children's cartoons are unsaleable in the U.S. as too violent or too risque. Virtually all Japanese TV cartoons are designed for broadcast in prime time, so even childrens' programs are handled with enough wit and sophistication that parents will also enjoy them. There is no Japanese Saturday morning ghetto. Almost all are weekday half-hour programs, shown between 6:30 p.m. and 8:00 p.m.

As in America, almost any popular TV program is soon followed by many imitations. Certainly many of the earliest Japanese TV cartoons were frankly derivative of *Astro Boy,* featuring young heroes with special powers who fought injustice, usually in a future world. Tatsuo Yoshida's *Space Ace* (1965-66) was a wild kid from a civilization that was migrating to a new planet. He got separated in his personal rocket from the space fleet and stumbled upon Earth. At first Ace often used his powers for practical jokes, but the understanding upbringing of his human foster father and sister soon made him a responsible citizen. *Space Boy Soran* (1965-67) was cast away as a baby on the planet Soran when his explorer-parents' spaceship was destroyed. After growing to his teens he returned to Earth to search for his sister. The Soranian super-science he brought was helpful for doing good, but he often got into trouble from the mischievousness of his pet space-squirrel, Chappy.

Several programs had a strong anti-war slant. In Osamu Tezuka's *The Amazing 3* (1965-66), a Galactic Congress debated whether to destroy Earth before warlike humans could spread their destruction among the stars, or wait in the hope that mankind would end its fighting before it developed spaceflight. Three galactic patrolmen were sent to Earth to gather information. They transformed themselves into a rabbit, a horse and a duck, to operate incognito. Although they were only supposed to observe, they soon began using their galactic technology to secretly fight criminals and military dictators. In Takaji Kusunoki's *Asteroid Mask* (1966-67), war broke out in the 21st century between normally-friendly Earth and Pineron. The culprit was a would-be dictator on Pineron who faked a sneak attack by Earth to give himself an excuse to seize total power. The hero was Peter Johansen, the first person of mixed Earth-Pineron blood, who became a costumed hero to foil the strikes of both planets against the other and fight for peace.

Takaji Kusunoki's original comic book version of TCJ Animation's ASTEROID MASK.

The first giant-robot cartoon was Mitsuteru Yokoyama's *Gigantor* (1963-67), a titanic robot built to help mankind. He was operated by his creator's young son, Jimmy Sparks, who could make Gigantor do an incredible variety of things by twiddling a simple control dial. Most episodes concentrated on Jimmy trying to figure out the best way to use Gigantor to solve a problem; or on criminals who were always trying to steal the control dial, or jam the radio signals that guided the robot, or steal Professor Sparks' plans so they could build an army of Gigantors for evil purposes.

Giant robots didn't really become memorable until Go Nagai's *Mazinger Z* (1972-74). Mazinger Z was more than just a big radio-controlled machine. He was a metal shell operated by a human (teenager Koji Kabuto) who entered his head cavity and became his brain. Also, instead of merely swatting common gangsters or power-mad dictators, Mazinger Z was pitted against a series of evil monsters and robots who matched him in size and strength. There was something about this human/robot symbiosis —a human becoming a metallic giant to protect the world from beings of elemental destruction—that seized the Japanese fancy. Since *Mazinger Z* and his own sequel, *Great Mazinger* (1974-75), there have been over two dozen TV cartoons about giant robots who defend humanity against alien invaders who send their own super monsters to stomp our cities to rubble. In some episodes the heroic robot was assembled piecemeal out of three to six components, each

operated by its own pilot (*Getta Robot,* 1974-75; *Baratak,* 1977-78.) The effort to distinguish between so many different giant-robot programs led to some strange conceptions. One resembled a 200-foot tall football player. Another could form itself into four configurations — diamond, spade, heart, or club.

Super heroes have been as popular in Japan as in the U.S. Jiro Kuwata's *Eighth Man* (1963-64) wasn't a human but an android, programmed with the mental patterns of a murdered police detective. Through Tobor, disguised as a human private eye, Officer Brady was able to continue to fight against criminals and enemy secret agents. In Shotaro Ishimori's *Cyborg 009* (1968; new series 1979), nine people were kidnapped by a worldwide crime organization that forced a scientist to transform them into bionic superbeings for criminal purposes. The cyborgs rescued themselves and the professor, and set themselves up as a team of super secret agents to fight crime.

One of the biggest hits was Tatsuo Yoshida's *Gatchaman* (1972-74). An evil intelligence from space formed a worldwide syndicate to loot Earth's resources. They were fought by the Gatchaman Force, five teenagers in bird costumes who operated superscientific weapons and vehicles provided by a security force operating from a hidden undersea base. *Gatchaman* was so popular (105 episodes) that a theatrical feature was edited from some of the most dramatic episodes. A second series, *Gatchaman II* (1978-79), proved almost as popular, and a third series, *Gatchaman F* (for fighter) is scheduled for 1980.

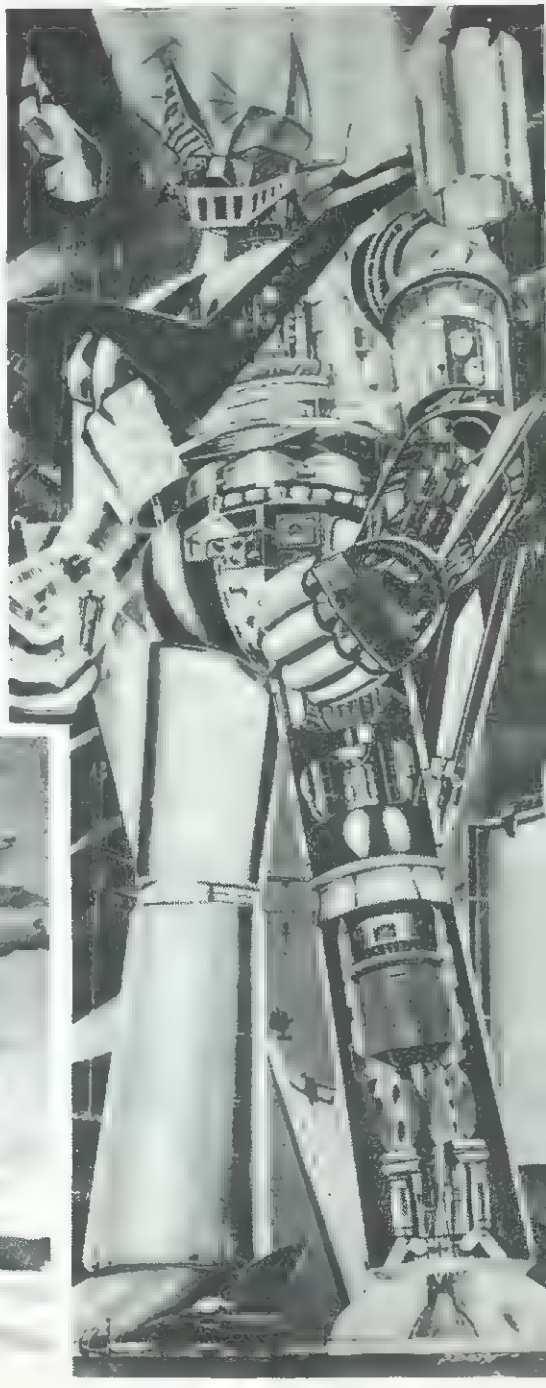
Gatchaman underwent a strange fate when it was bought by an American distributor and presented in the U.S. in 1978 as *Battle Of The Planets.* The program was not merely translated into English; about a third of each episode was removed and new animation added. Most of the alterations were necessary to market *Battle Of The Planets* as a childrens' program, since *Gatchaman* was an adult drama with bloody fight scenes and risque humor. The original mood of violence and tension was lightened considerably. Scenes were added of spaceships flying between the stars, so the action could be said to take place in the jungles and cities of other planets instead of on Earth. An entirely new character, an imitation *Star Wars* robot named 7-Zark-7, was added. The main villain, of indeterminate sex in *Gatchaman,* was made definitely masculine. The names of all the characters were changed, and the second-lead hero, Jason (Joe in *Gatchaman*), was not killed off in the series' dramatic climax.

In 1974 a 26-episode serialization of a comic book titled *Space Battleship Yamato* became the most popular animated cartoon ever shown on Japanese TV. In 2199 A.D. Earth had been under alien attack for a century. Suddenly an offer of a superscientific defense was received from Iskandar, a friendly planet across the galaxy—but Earth would have to go there to get it. All Earth's resources were poured into one super-spaceship, built in the image of Japan's famed World War II battleship "Yamato". The program became a sort of World War II in deep space, as the new Yamato hammered its way through enemy space fleets to reach Iskandar. After its initial success *Yamato* was beginning to settle back into the comfortable limbo of popular but concluded TV programs, when in 1977 George Lucas' *Star Wars* made the world space-opera crazy. *Yamato* was put back into prime-time rerun, and an edited feature-film condensation became a theatrical hit. (This feature, dubbed into English as *Space Cruiser Yamato*, played theatrically in England and as a TV movie in the U.S. in 1978.) A sequel was filmed in two separate versions. *Yamato II*, a 26-episode TV serial, pitted the Yamato against an even greater space menace which it barely but successfully conquered. (The original *Yamato* and *Yamato II* were combined and brought to U.S. TV in 1979 as *Star Blazers.*) In the theatrical feature, *Arrivederci Yamato*, searing space battles gradually reduced the crew until the hero, with the body of his fiancee in his arms, sent the disabled spaceship in a final kamikaze dive into the enemy dreadnaught to save Earth. The Japanese public is still *Yamato*-crazy and a third TV cartoon, *Yamato: The New Voyage,* has just begun serialization.

Space Battleship Yamato rocketed both space opera and cartoonist Leiji Matsumoto to major prominence. A current Matsumoto hit is *Galaxy Express 999* (1978 and still running; over 50 episodes to date). This has been described as a "symbolic space fantasy" to forestall guffaws over an old-fashioned steam locomotive chugging between the stars. The setting is the far future when the rich have all had their brains transferred into immortal metal bodies, and only the poor retain their flesh bodies. A mysterious woman rescues a dying orphan and gives him a fabulously valuable pass on Galaxy Express 999 so he can ride to a legendary planet of eternal life.

Promotional poster shows all three configurations of Getta Robot simultaneously: Raiga, Dragon and Poseidon. Toei Animation's GETTA ROBOT-G.

The Research Center constructs Great Mazinger, the more powerful successor to Mazinger Z, in Toei Animation's GREAT MAZINGER.



Tetsuro the orphan and the mysterious Maeter in Toei Animation's GALAXY EXPRESS 999.

Lun Lun with her friends, and an enemy, in Toei Animation's LUN LUN THE FLOWER CHILD.

Each week's episode is set on a different planet, as young Tetsuro and his beautiful but eerie guardian adventure among humans or robots or aliens. *Galaxy Express 999* has been popular enough that the producer, Toei Animation, created an entirely-original theatrical feature adventure which set box office records in 1979.

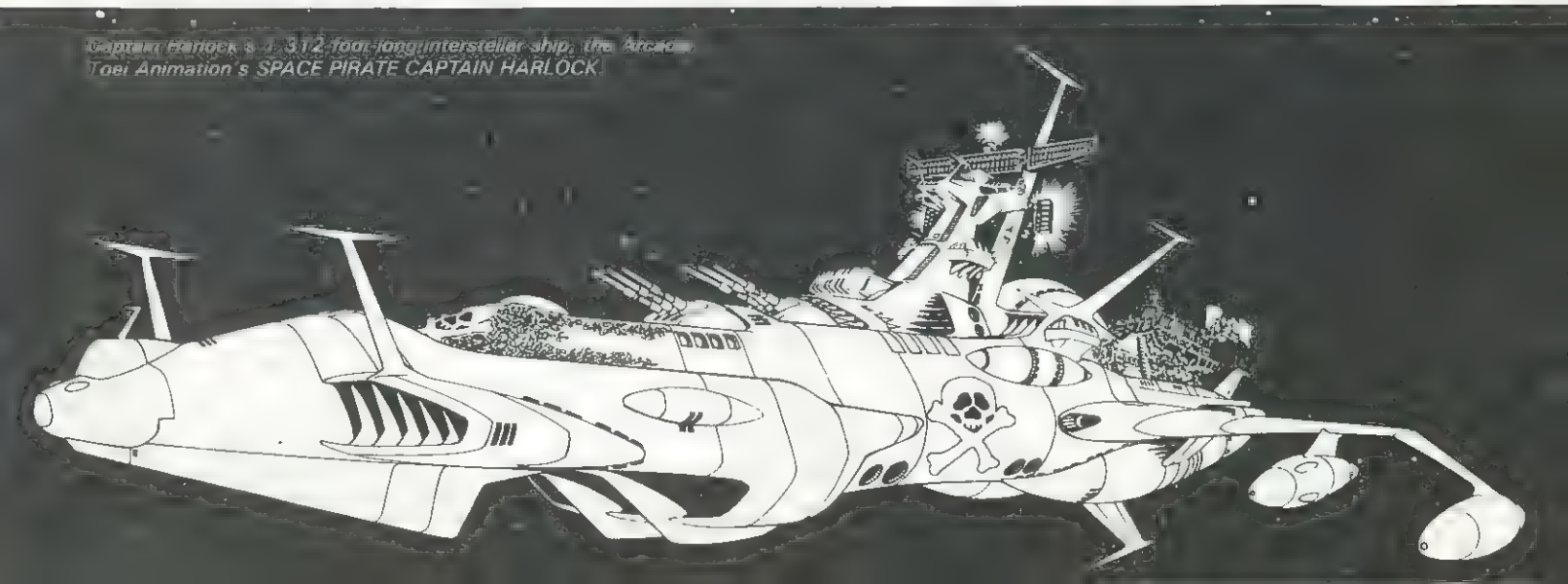
Yet another Matsumoto hit was *Space Pirate Captain Harlock* (1978-79). In the 30th century Earth had become soft and decadent, no match for an intergalactic invasion that nobody believed in anyway. But Captain Harlock had evidence that one was imminent. He set himself up as a space pirate to goad the Solar government into rousing to a fighting stance. Harlock affected the space pirate image to an extreme degree, adding a Spanish-galleon sterncastle to his dreadnaught, the Arcadia. (The cartoon's soundtrack was filled with Japanese imitations of the Roger Wagner Chorale singing sea chanteys.) Harlock wasn't quite popular enough to get his program extended past its initial 52-episode run, but he did well enough to earn a prominent guest appearance in the *Galaxy Express 999* theatrical feature.

Star Wars had a much more direct influence on Japanese TV than giving *Yamato* new life. Toei Animation wanted to do a *Star Wars* imitation, and reasoned that the best way was to buy the rights to one of the science fiction works that George Lucas had named as inspiring him to create *Star Wars*. They selected Edmond Hamilton's *Captain Future*, a pulp-magazine series in the early 1940s. Captain Future, a cross between Buck Rogers and Doc Savage, had a secret crime-fighting base on the Moon, and roved from Mercury to Pluto with his comic-relief teammates (a robot, an android and a Living Brain) to battle interplanetary criminals. Toei gave the stories *Star Wars*-era art design and a disco theme song, and added a few female characters to Hamilton's almost all-masculine supporting cast (they also added an unnecessary cute kid assistant), but otherwise they were faithful serializations of the original pulp novels. *Captain Future* ran for 52 weekly episodes in 1978-79.

Humorous science fiction tends to blend into pure fantasy. *Yattaman* (1977-79) was a spoof on all the ponderous giant-robot dramas, drawn in a cartoon-humor rather than a realistic style. Two teenage mechanical whizzes built a giant-robot hound-dog named Yatta King, and used it to foil the schemes of a sexy villainess and her two oafish stooges. *Yattaman* was popular enough that the 104-episode program was immediately followed by a sequel, *Zendaman* (1979 and still running), which features a giant mechanical Zenda Lion that looks amazingly like a hound-dog.

The Japanese seem particularly fond of situation comedies about children who acquire klutzy robotic companions. These exist in both animated cartoon and live action programs. One of the most popular of the former is *Doraemon* (1973; new series 1979), based on a long-running comic strip by Fujiko Fujio.

Captain Harlock's 312-foot-long interstellar ship, the Arcadia, in Toei Animation's SPACE PIRATE CAPTAIN HARLOCK.



Doraemon helps Nobita get revenge on the school bullies in Shinei Animation's DORAEMON.

Most Americans have never seen Kimba grown up. Here he is with his son, Rune, in Mushi Productions' KIMBA THE WHITE LION.

4th-grader Nobita Nobi was loafing at home one day when a futuristic boy and a large robot kitty-kat popped out of thin air. The future kid was Nobita's 23rd-century descendent, who had been reading in the family history how Nobita had had nothing but bad luck and misery all his life. He had wanted to bring Nobita a super-robot to guide and protect him, but with his crummy allowance all he could afford was a 23rd-century toy — and a factory reject, at that. Doraemon the robot cat was supposed to use his futuristic technology to keep Nobita out of trouble, but his all-thumbs approach and his habit of entrusting such devices as antigravity and mind-transfer to a scatterbrained 10-year-old and his playmates caused hilarious havoc.

A long list can be made of girls' fantasy programs about cute young witches or princesses from pixieland or mermaids in human form who come to a big city as a type of exchange student to "study human life". All are similar to American TV's *Sabrina*. They use their magic powers to play harmless pranks on bullies, help out their schoolmates, etc., as in Mitsuteru Yokoyama's *Sally the Witch* (1966-68), *Meg The Little Witch* (1974-75), *The Secrets of Akkochan* (1969-70) and *Maco the Mermaid* (1970-71). A slightly more adventurous variant is the current *Lun Lun the Flower Child*. A fairy dog and cat are searching the world for a young girl pure enough to become the princess of their magic land. They select Lun Lun, a young teenager in a Disneyish Switzerland. To prove she's worthy she must successfully perform a number of good deeds with a magic flower pendant. Lun Lun is opposed by a pretty but nasty young witch and her badger assistant who try to foul up Lun Lun's helpful magic.

The Japanese also love animal fantasies. One of the first, Osamu Tezuka's *Kimba the White Lion* (1965-66), bordered on science fiction. Caesar the lion, king of the African jungle, was killed by a hunter and his mate captured for a zoo. Kimba was born on the boat going to Europe, and escaped when it sank in a storm. On his way back to the jungle he passed through human cities, and was impressed by the benefits of civilization. After the animals acknowledged him as their new king, Kimba determined to establish an animal civilization with farms and schools. Kimba's adventures often involved conflicts with older animals who did not believe in his new-fangled pacifistic ways, and with humans who would not respect the rights of the civilized animal kingdom. The first 52 episodes, showing Kimba as a young cub, were syndicated in America by NBC. NBC did not pick up the 26-episode sequel showing Kimba as an adult, married to his childhood sweetheart Kitty and with two cubs of their own.

Most other animal fantasies have been anthropomorphized fairy-tales showing handsome young honeybees or frogs or woodchucks or squirrels in their forest or pond communities, trying to impress girlfriends or battling natural enemies. One of these, *Banner the Squirrel* (1979),

The heroes Gan chan and Ai-chan, and befuddled villains Tonzura, Doronjio and Boyatsuki in Tatsunoko Productions' YATTAMAN.

was ostensibly based on a juvenile nature book by Ernest Thompson Seton, *Bannertail; The Story of a Gray Squirrel* (1922). However, it's doubtful a naturalist like Seton ever put his squirrels into clothes or had them quoting Shakespeare.

Monster fantasies run a wide range from humor to grimness. Fujiko Fujio's *Li'l Monster* (1968-69) was similar to *The Addams Family* or *The Munsters*. A pre-teen prince of Monsterland visited Earth for his education. A haunted-house Monsterland Embassy was set up in an urban residential neighborhood, with Dracula, Wolfman, "Frankie", and others among the embassy residents. On occasion the embassy would be attacked by evil Monsterland revolutionary terrorists, with the human neighbors unhappily caught in the crossfire.

Go Nagai's *Abracadabra! Enmakun* (1973-74) played for more sadistic humor. Satan learned that a number of demons on Earth were plotting to overthrow him. So a young demon, Enmakun, was assigned to Earth with two assistants (a cute frost witch and a *kappa*, a traditional Japanese water-demon) to break up the revolutionary movement. Enmakun was friendly towards humans, and there was a lot of humor in the program, but each episode usually ended up with a lot of human innocent bystanders dead. Nagai went all the way in *Devil Man* (1972-73), which featured a superhero similar to Marvel Comics' *Son of Satan*. Devil Man, a renegade demon who wanted to renounce evil, and the regular demons from Hell fought over the fate of a Tokyo high school. Characters were impaled, had their heads or limbs ripped off (with spouting blood), or were so scared they visibly crapped in their pants. If you can imagine *The Omen* as a comedy, you'll have some idea of the mood of *Devil Man*.

Osamu Tezuka tried an interesting experiment with his horror mystery-drama, *Vampire* (1968-69). A worldwide syndicate of were-animals, *homo lycanthropus*, was about to rise against *homo sapiens* and take over the world. A master criminal discovered their plot and tried to twist it to his own advantage. The hero was a good werewolf who tried to warn humanity. But the humans wouldn't trust any werewolf, and he ended up fighting alone while being hunted by all three factions. *Vampire* was filmed in live-action with all of the were-animals as superimposed animation. The program was generally a failure. Tezuka (who appeared briefly in it as the werewolf's friend) blamed his studio's technical inability to combine live-action and animation footage successfully, and the fact that his "cuddly" art style made it difficult for audiences to accept the were-animals as horrifying menaces. A similar experiment was made with Tsuburaya Productions' *Born Free Dinosaur Exploration Team* (1976-77), in which cartoon-animation explorers travelled into the past to hunt stop-action model dinosaurs on miniature sets. It wasn't much more successful.

"Sports adventure" is a genre that covers a lot of territory. Some programs were outright fantasies, such as Tatsuo Yoshida's *Speed Racer* (1967-68). Young daredevil Speed Racer roared around the world fighting criminals and running missions of mercy in his Mach 5, a super-racing car loaded with more gimmicks than the Batmobile. He was often accompanied by a cute little kid tagalong and a pet chimpanzee. *Combo-Tiger Supercar* (1977-78) merged auto-racing with the giant-robot craze. Five teenaged racers could snap together their individual cars while at top speed to form the giant car, Combo-Tiger. They needed it to foil the foul play of the racers of the Demon Team, in a round-the-world race to determine whether demons or humans would rule the earth. *Tiger Mask* (1969-71), an adaptation of a popular newspaper strip by Ikki Kajiwara & Naoki Tsuji, was a sports/crime drama. The hero was a masked wrestler who had been trained by a criminal sports syndicate, but who tried to quit the gang and wrestle honestly.

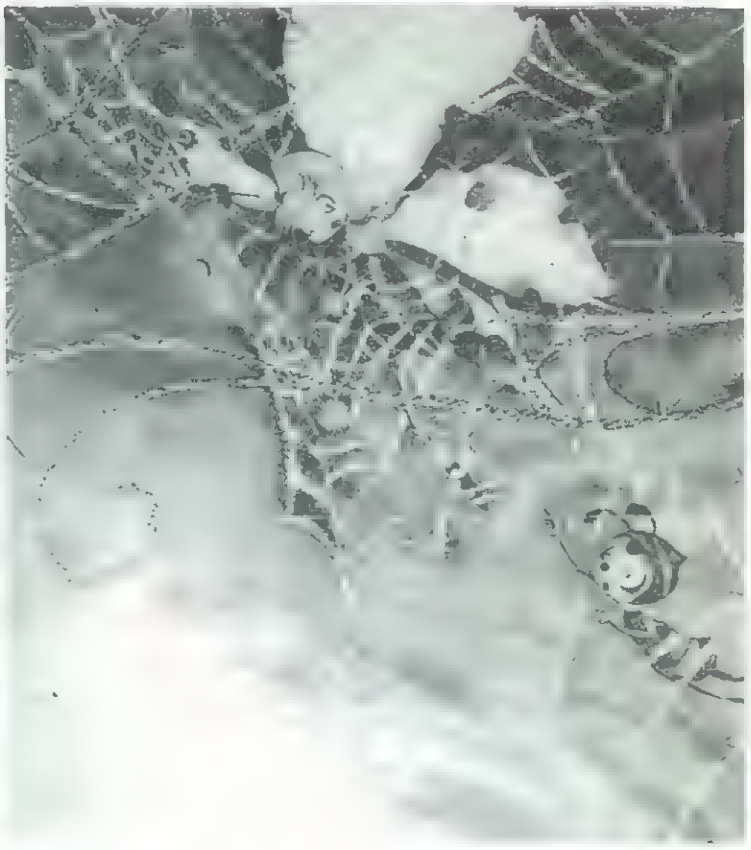
Most sports animated cartoons, however, have been human-interest melodramas. Baseball (Japan's most popular spectator sport), auto racing, boxing, volleyball, soccer, tennis—you name it and there's been a cartoon soap opera about it.

There are other TV animated cartoons based upon highly successful comic strips. Machiko Hasegawa's *Sazae-San* (TV version 1969) was a family situation comedy in the tradition of *Blondie* or *I Love Lucy*. Yumiko Igarashi's 9-volume *Candy Candy* (1976-79 ;115 episodes) was a tear-jerker serial for pre-teens, about a winsome young orphan who was always getting into heart-rending situations. The first episodes were set in Illinois in the 1910s, where Candy was a serving girl in a rich businessman's home. It looked more like an early 19th-century British nobleman's estate, full of servants kowtowing in a humble manner. Later Candy was sent to a finishing school in London, where she became a nurse in the Great War. Waki Yamato's *'Miss Modern Girl' Is Passing By* (1978-79) was set in Japan in the early 1920s, when the

In Japan even TV cartoons have symphonic suite arrangements of their background music. LP record album covers to Tatsunoko Productions' GATCHAMAN (Battle of the Planets) and Academy's SPACE BATTLESHIP YAMATO (Star Blazers).

Candy White, boyfriend Terry and pet raccoon in Toei Animation's CANDY CANDY.

Hachi to the rescue in Tatsunoko Productions' HACHI THE HONEYBEE.



replacement of traditional life styles by Western ways caused considerable culture shock. *Norakuro* (1970-71), which might be described as a funny-animal version of *The Sad Sack* (with dog soldiers), only lasted a year on TV although the newspaper strip by Suihou Tagawa had been popular since 1931. It may be the oldest strip in the world today still drawn by its creator.

The single most popular cartoon, and the most vehemently denounced by the Japanese PTA—according to its creator, who insists on being called "Monkey Punch"—is *Lupin III*. This is an adult crime comedy, roughly similar to Hitchcock's *To Catch A Thief* with a dash of James Bond movies. The magazine strip began in the 1960s; the initial TV adaptation ran in 1971-72 and was reckoned as the 4th all-time most popular TV cartoon in a 1977 tabulation; the current TV series began in 1977 and is currently pushing 120 episodes. This Lupin is a descendant of the famous French thriller-hero, Arsene Lupin—a world-notorious gentleman burglar, a master thief. He operates with two loyal assistants, an American gangster and a Japanese samurai. There's also a sexy girl thief who sometimes works with Lupin and sometimes is his rival for a choice piece of loot. Lupin is pursued around the world by a choleric police inspector who is usually just one step short of catching him. The series is full of witty and risque dialog, double and triple crosses, incredible disguises and technical gimmicks, and jazz background music. Monkey Punch is a stickler for detail: Lupin favors a Walther P-38 revolver and drinks recognizable-brand liquors (expensive ones); characters drive Toyotas or Fords or Citroens; fighter planes or military tanks are existing models. The TV cartoon has been popular enough that the producer, Tokyo Movie Shinsha, made an original theatrical feature that reportedly played to rave reviews at last year's Cannes Film Festival.

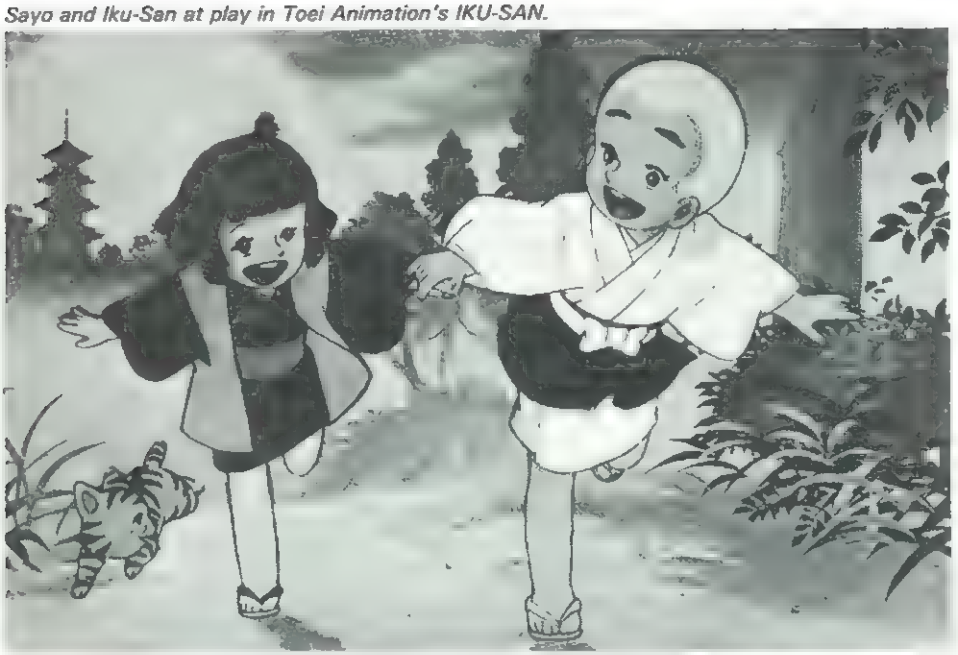
The Japanese are fond of adapting foreign classic and popular works into TV cartoons. These can range from Stevenson's *Treasure Island* (1978-79) to Marge's *Little Lulu* (1976-77). Often the cartoon series may have only a tenuous relationship to the original story. Finnish author Tove Jansson reportedly objected strenuously to the *Moomintroll* program (1969-70; new series 1972), which used her characters and art style and overall background, but had all new plots.

Adaptations of foreign works include Spyri's *Heidi* (1974), Twain's *Huckleberry Finn* (1976), Saint-Exupery's *The Little Prince* (1978-79), Montgomery's *Anne of Green Gables* (1979), Sterling North's *Rascal* (1977), Alexander Key's science fiction novel *The Incredible Tide* under the title *Conan, Boy of the Future* (1978), and two separate versions of Collodi's *Pinocchio* (1972 and 1976-77). There are many series of fairy tales: *Tales of Hans Christian Anderson* (1971), *World Famous Fairy Tales* (1976-78), and so on. There are also series which are original but highly derivative of classics, such as *Ken the Wolf Boy* (1963-65), which could easily have called itself *The Jungle Book;* and *Adventures of Sinbad* (1975-76), a presentation of some of the Arabian Nights featuring a little Arab boy on a flying carpet.

Historical dramas set before the modernization of Japan, circa 1890, are almost all sophisticated and definitely for adult audiences. To a Westerner any program in which the characters wear traditional Japanese clothing is a "samurai adventure", a false generalization at which the Japanese wince. Many are about samurais, of course, and most are either about sword-wielding martial heroes or the intrigues of feudal court life. Two especially dramatic and bloody series involved the ninja "shadow" professional assassins—*Sasuke* (1968-69) and *The Unauthorized Biography of Kamui* (1969), both based on famous strips by the pioneer comic-book artist Sanpei Shirato. A program endorsed by the Buddhist church is *Iku-San* (over 190 episodes), currently the longest-running TV cartoon in Japan. This is a human-interest series about a pre-teen acolyte (altar boy, to use a Christian equivalent), which fictionalizes the youth of an actual famous monk. *Iku-San's* popularity is great enough to imply that it is more than just a Sunday school morality lesson. It is currently shown on UHF channels in San Francisco and New York City, and has a fair American following.

A different view of historic Japan was presented in Osamu Tezuka's horror-fantasy *Dororo* (1969). An unscrupulous feudal lord sacrificed his infant son to

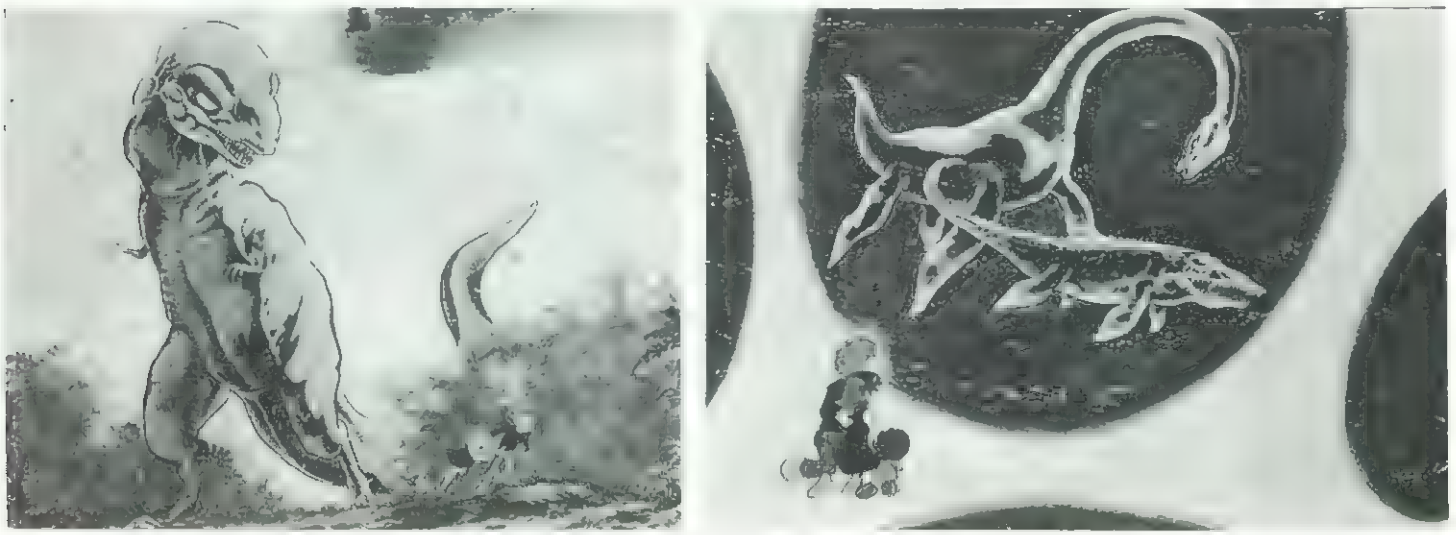
Sayo and Iku-San at play in Toei Animation's IKU-SAN.



Nota the puppy, Dororo and Hyakimaru stalk an oriental demon in Mushi Productions' DORORO.

demons in exchange for political power. The barely-living remains of the baby, Hyakimaru, were discarded and found by a peasant woodcarver, who cared for the featureless body and carved replacement parts for it. When Hyakimaru grew to adulthood he set out into the world to win his real self back from the demons. The serial was a cross between a Toshiro Mifune samurai drama and a grim *Pinocchio*: every time Hyakimaru brought another demon to bay and killed it, another part of his body—an eye, an ear, an arm—became real flesh and blood. *Dororo* (named after Hyakimaru's companion, a child thief) featured every kind of grisly monster in Japanese mythology. After Hyakimaru finished the last of them off, he went after his father for revenge—a gruesome series which presented a faithful panorama of classic Japanese folklore.

TV specials and made-for-TV feature cartoons have always been popular, but within the last year they seem to have increased tremendously in vogue. 1979 saw thirteen of them. Most were 1½-hour programs, 7:30 to 9:00 p.m. the most common time slot. Some were not cartoons themselves, but were "the making of" documentaries about animation hits such as the *Galaxy Express 999* theatrical feature and the forthcoming *Yamato 3* TV series. Others were original movies. Adaptations of Occidental works ranged from crime thrillers to romantic musicals: Maurice Leblanc's Arsene Lupin mystery, *813*; Paul Gallico's sugary fantasy, *Manxmouse*; and Jean Webster's soap opera about an orphan who falls vicariously in love with her unseen guardian, *Daddy Long Legs*. Possibly the most ambitious of all, produced by Nippon Animation under IBM sponsorship, was *The Diary of Anne Frank*. This had surrealistic nightmarish sequences, an expression of human anguish in animated-cartoon form equivalent to Picasso's impassioned *Guernica*.



A UFO sends three children into the past in Shotaro Ishimori's 1979 TV-special movie by Toei Animation, THE AGE OF BIG DINOSAURS.

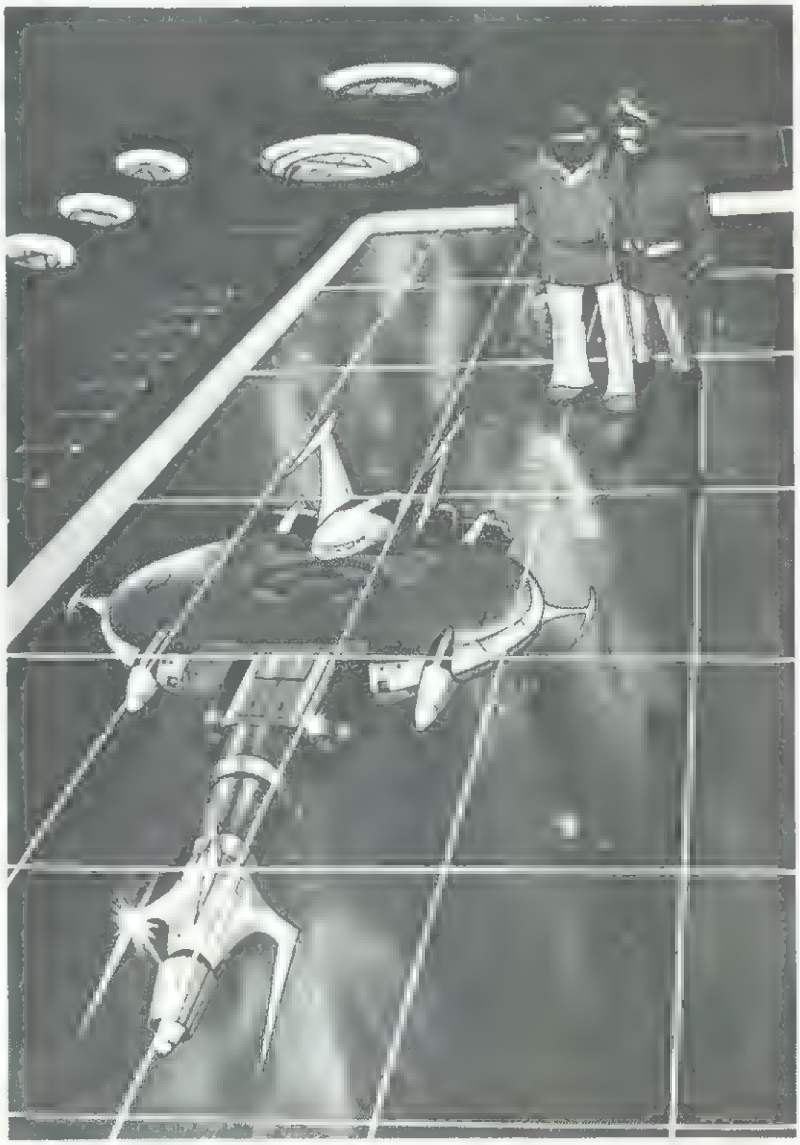
At present the majority of Japanese TV animation is produced by five studios: Nippon Animation, Toei Company, Toei Animation Company (much public confusion between those two), Tatsunoko Productions, and Tokyo Movie Shinsha. Each turns out approximately a half-dozen new half-hour series and a couple of TV or theatrical features per year, in addition to keeping in production on several popular holdovers from the last couple of years. Usually the shortest any half-hour series runs is 26 weekly episodes, and popular programs often run well over a hundred episodes.

A number of other studios produce smaller quantities of TV animation, though some of their shows are very important. The first program that Office Academy ever made was the fantastically popular *Space Battleship Yamato*, with the result that from 1974 to 1979 Academy devoted its entire output to *Yamato* sequels and specials. In 1979 Academy finally released a new series, *Blue Noah*, a drama in which humanity, on the verge of annihilation by aquatic aliens who have invaded our oceans, constructs a super submarine-battleship, the Blue Noah . . . (If you've got a good idea, milk it to death.) Dax International and Group TAC are studios that specialize in educational TV fare: famous fairy tales, biographies of notables such as Beethoven, *Sesame Street*-type stuff. Top Craft is a Tokyo studio that seems to have no cartoons on Japanese channels at all, yet it's the art designer and animator to which Rankin-Bass regularly subcontracts its American TV specials. This doubtlessly explains why Smaug in Rankin-Bass' 1977 production of Tolkien's *The Hobbit* was such an Oriental-looking dragon. Other studios primarily known for live-action films or TV commercials, such as Tsuburaya Productions, may produce or co-produce with another studio a couple of animated programs per year.

Unfortunately the two pioneer TV animation giants of the 1960s are not currently on the scene. TCJ Animation, which created such early favorites as *Gigantor, Eighth Man, Super Jetter, Prince Planet, Asteroid Mask, Space Boy Soran* and many more, dwindled to insignificance in the early 1970s. It changed its name to Eiken, but that apparently didn't help since no Eiken programs are listed after the 1976/77 season. Mushi Productions was a victim of its own high standards. It poured too much money into its production quality, for prestige as much as for pure esthetics. Osamu Tezuka left after a managerial conflict in 1972, and the studio shortly went into bankruptcy.

On the other hand, Mushi Productions' new owners kept it alive (if in low profile) for the next seven years by merchandising its old programs. In 1979 it released a new theatrical cartoon about two cutesy-poo polar bear cubs, so Mushi may finally be on its way to recovery and resumed production. As for Osamu Tezuka, he restricted his output to comic-book work

Promotional poster for Toei Animation's brand-new ARTHUR AND THE KNIGHTS OF THE ROUND TABLE.



Dr. Oedo and Captain Ichimonji see a Planestor.ship on the viewscreen of their spacecraft carrier in Leiji Matsumoto's giant-robot serial by Toei Animation, PLANET ROBOT DANGUARD ACE.

Each volume of the ROMAN ALBUM series tells everything about a particular TV cartoon. Volume 17 covers TCJ Animation's EIGHTH MAN.

for a couple of years and then opened a new studio in 1976, Tezuka Productions. It has produced two TV-special cartoon features so far, is about to release a 2½-hour theatrical animated feature, *Phoenix: 2772 A.D.*, and has announced plans to begin work on a new *Astro Boy* TV series.

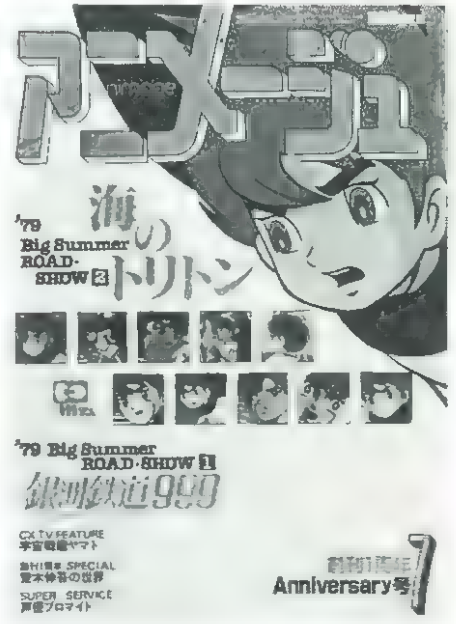
This indicates that, even though individual studios may suffer setbacks, the Japanese TV animation field is a dynamic one. October is a month that many new programs go on the air in Japan, and the October 1979 lineup showed the usual variety in animation: *Arthur and the Knights of the Round Table*, several samurai and other Japanese historical dramas (some with fantasy elements), fairy tales and modern fantasies, a few giant-robot and other science fiction adventures. Nippon Animation has acquired the rights to create a funny-animal series starring the USSR's official cartoon-mascot for the 1980 Olympics, Mischa the bear cub. Advertisements announce that on 8 January 1980, NHK (the Japanese equivalent of the BBC) will begin airing a serialization of Selma Lagerlof's classic fantasy, *The Wonderful Adventure of Nils*.

Out of all this TV animation, however, all the U.S. has seen in the last decade has been sanitized kiddie versions of *Gatchaman* (as *Battle of the Planets*) and the first two *Yamato* serials (as *Star Blazers*). Reportedly they're getting low ratings because, even in watered-down versions, they're too mature for young children with short attention spans. They contain long sequences in which people simply stand and talk, establishing characterization and motivation, instead of running frantically about and comically crashing into things. Dialog is serious and meaningful, instead of a series of silly quips. Voices are natural instead of artificially squeaky or gravelly. Yet these programs are shown in 2:30 p.m. kiddie-cartoon time slots when they are inaccessible to school-bound or working teens and adults such as *Star Trek* fans who are their natural audiences—or, worse yet, at the uncivilized hour of 5:30 a.m. In time slots like these it's no wonder hardly anyone is even aware of their existence. So Japanese animation studios can go on producing wonders for Japanese viewers and for TV audiences throughout Europe and Latin America, while Americans continue under the belief that the world's finest animation is an occasional new Disney feature and what's produced in Hollywood for Saturday-morning kids' programming.

This article is rather ambitious in that it's written by an American animation fan who has never been to Japan. However, I do belong to the Cartoon/Fantasy Organization, a fan club which has a large videotape library of Japanese TV cartoons and has regular screenings in the Los Angeles area. (Anyone interested in further information can contact me, Fred Patten, at 11863 West Jefferson Blvd., Culver City, California 90230.) Also, for research purposes, there's a tremendous animation fandom in Japan, and dozens of illustrated books and magazines cover these programs in detail. Information is readily available on program titles, original broadcast dates, episode title lists, production credits, reproductions of studio model sheets, theme song lyrics and sheet music, and anything else

Tokyo cartoonist Osamu Tezuka in Los Angeles at a screening of the Cartoon/Fantasy Organization, December 1978, at which Tezuka's TV-special feature length BANDER'S BOOK was shown—a light-hearted potpourri of space opera, time travel, weird horror and fairy tale.

ANIMAGE, a monthly 150-page color-illustrated magazine which surveys current Japanese animation in depth. These two issues cover-feature Tokyo Movie Shinsha's LUPIN III and Animation Staffroom's TRITON OF THE SEA.



a fan could wish to know. Just try to get similar information about any American TV animated cartoon!

Major sources used for this article include issues of the monthly animation fan magazine, *Animage*; the invaluable 3-volume *Complete Works of TV Animation*, by Taku Sugiyama (1978-79); a 1978 movie-fan-format illustrated index, *Invitation to the Wonderful World of TV Animation*; and the March 1979 issue (a special on animation) of the fine-art magazine, *Bungeishunju Deluxe*. I would also like to give sincere thanks to Maco Tojima, a cartoon fan from Japan currently in Los Angeles as an exchange student, for her kind assistance. ■

In Both Ears And Out The Other

By Bob Theissen

The record industry is in the midst of a major upheaval. Ever since the beginning of the oil crisis in the mid '60s, and the subsequent resurgence of motion pictures, the record business has been declining. Its dominant influence for the past decade is being overtaken by other leisure industries. The record industry has been so caught up with its own self-importance that it forgot to look out for itself.

The record business is ruled over by a few conglomerates: WEA, an incorporation of the Warner Brothers, Electra and Atlantic family of labels; Columbia Records; Capitol; and MCA, which evolved from the Decca label and which recently purchased ABC-Dot records in a multi-million dollar deal.

Within the past five years the record companies have dropped between 10% and 50% of their acts. In April of 1979 EMI purchased United Artists Records and dropped all but a few of their stable of performers. Those who remained were Kenny Rogers and Cindy Bullen, to name a couple. In March of '79 MCA Records pulled a quick one by purchasing ABC-Dot records and summarily firing 300 ABC employees. Most of these employees were holding clerical and accounting positions, but for weeks ABC's promotion department was in a tizzy, not knowing what to promote. Some of MCA's acquisitions included Steely Dan and the Oak Ridge Boys, two acts on the ABC label. One of the few minor labels to remain intact was A&M, which has been operating and expanding its performers with a free hand, and quite successfully.

In the late '60s and early '70s the record companies picked up many acts, cashing in on the rock 'n' roll market that was at its peak. At that time record company executives could acquire new acts and, if they failed, write them off as a tax loss. This happened to many bands who saw fame and glory for a brief minute, only to find out the companies didn't push their records. The Exiles, a Kentucky-based band that recently had a hit on Warner Brothers, felt that kind of backlash. They then signed with Wooden Nickel, an RCA subsidiary, and recorded an excellent album—but because of lack of promotion it got lost in the shuffle. The ensuing oil crunch moved in and record companies soon found themselves in a hole. They couldn't get enough of the oil necessary to manufacture the plastic that records are pressed on. They discovered they had a mammoth roster of acts and only a few of them were succeeding.

In or around 1976 the companies started taking stock of their talent and began to cut playing rosters. Many acts were shipped to the minor leagues, with no contract and a hefty amount of bills. Some groups, such as the Exiles, recouped and took account of their abilities. It they were cut, it meant they needed more development and the record companies couldn't afford to train them any more. They were on their own, fending for themselves. A number of acts, such as the British-based cult band Hawkwind, found other labels in need of their talent, smaller companies that saw dollars in their product. Hawkwind switched over to Sire Records after being dropped from the UA roster.

The current market of recording artists is decreasing almost every month. In the first half of 1979 Warner Brothers dropped 15% of their acts, and 10% or more of them will be dropped annually. Record companies can't afford to maintain such a full repertoire any longer. They need acts that will make money and they won't waste their time and effort on those that don't. Notice how few albums are being released where you haven't heard of the performer or group. Not many. Those among the lesser known are getting a generous push by pressing their promotional albums on blue, green or yellow plastic, making them quickly visible to program directors. Trillion, an exciting band on Epic, had their promo album pressed on blue vinyl, and many radio station personnel took notice. Trillion's first LP was picked up by hundreds of rock stations throughout the country that otherwise wouldn't have noticed. Packaging that is appealing to the eye of radio people increases the chances of that album making it to the airwaves by about 50%. Not bad for an unknown act — 50% attention without even hearing the record.

Record companies are being careful about glutting the market. By limiting the amount of product released there's a better chance of getting their artists on the air. When radio stations have a limited amount of new material to air, they start digging into the unknowns pile. We're hearing these kind of bands and solo performers every day. Tycoon, Rockets, Steve Goodman, Max Damien, Supertramp, and others. In Cincinnati an onslaught was recently underway. Two of the aforementioned performers were being manufactured into superstars, Steve Goodman and Supertramp. Goodman is the writer of Arlo Guthrie's "City of New Orleans," a mark in his favor. People remember his name, but very little was made of it at the time. Then in 1979 we saw Goodman releasing an album entitled "High and Dry" and WEBN, Cincy's rock and roll station, jumped on the bandwagon with all their promotional guns blazing. For two weeks you could hear Goodman once every 15 minutes. He was performing two concerts at a local rock club, and one was to be aired as a live radio concert. The entire week before the concert WEBN gave away tickets to listeners who called in and correctly answered questions. Winners got two free passes to Goodman's late show, thus making sure the place was packed and

Album cover design by Kelley and Mouse Studios
ROCKETS
JOHN FRAGA bass
DENNIS ROBBINS guitar, vocals
DAVE GILBERT lead vocals
JIM McCARTY guitar, vocals
JOHN (THE BEE) BADANJEK drums, vocals

EXILE
JIMMY STOKLEY lead vocals, percussion
BILLY LUXON vocals, percussion
BUZZ CORNELISON piano, vocals
JIMMY PENNINGTON lead guitar, rhythm guitar, vocals
BERNIE FAULKNER organ, acoustic guitar, vocals
KENNY WEIR bass, vocals
BOBBY JOHNS drums
Album cover photographed at Big Joe's Tattoo Shop, Ltd.

the radio concert sounded full with applause.

Old style payola is dead, but there's a new form of payola making the rounds called "promola." Free concert tickets, mixers with the "star" and advertising bucks are all part of promola. Record companies will go to great lengths to get their remaining stable of acts on the radio, which results in increased sales of product. Much the same kind of hype was used on the Supertramp album "Breakfast in America." In this case the breakfast was force-fed. After the release of this LP you could hear a Supertramp song on the air every half hour.

Another facet of supply and demand is the "begging" aspect. Take a group like Led Zeppelin, for example. A 1979 album of theirs had been in the can for two months. That meant the record company was holding the album back until they got enough advance orders to begin pressing — guaranteeing it to become a hit and having to do little promo work to get it on the air. A wait-and-see attitude shows good business sense on the part of record companies, just like the records you see on TV being offered for a bargain price. They tell you the album will take 4 to 6 weeks to arrive. This way they can amass orders and then press only the quantity they need, thus saving the high cost of warehousing and trying to unload thousands of unsold albums. Record companies, heretofore known as spendthrifts, are being careful with every dollar they spend. It's been a long time coming, but they're tightening up their belts.

The motion picture industry has now become frivolous like the record companies were, spending millions on movies that would bomb if it weren't for mega-hype given them before their release. Chances are most folks would see only half the films they now attend if not for the blitz of initial promotion. Would *Superman* have been such a huge success without the big bucks spent on publicity? Would we be so entranced with killer sequels if we hadn't been exposed to all the hype? Most industry officials think not.

I'm talking about the motion picture industry to illustrate a point. Most moviegoers are between 15 and 35. The younger people in this age group statistically have about $25.00 a week to spend on leisure entertainment. In the late '60s and early '70s we would have spent it on albums and tapes. Now we find ourselves going to movies and paying $7.00 or more for the film, with a date, and $2.00 for junk food at the concession counter. Transportation and parking can account for $2.00. Another $6.00 for eats after the show, and so far you've spent at least $17.00 for one night's entertainment. You now have $8.00 left to spend. With that you can purchase one album or tape. With most record stores selling albums and tapes for $6.00 to $8.00, you'll be lucky to have much of that $25.00 left. People who used to purchase records are finding other means to spend the money they normally would have used to buy their weekly allotment of LPs or tapes. The record industry isn't hurting that much, but they're starting to feel the trend away from music and into movies. The smart record companies make deals with film producers to develop a commercial song into a movie with the same title. Older songs have recently been turned into movies, with varying success, three examples being *Alice's Restaurant, Ode To Billy Joe* and *Sgt. Pepper's Lonely Hearts Club Band.* Nowadays the tune comes first and is optioned to a film producer right off the bat.

The record industry has some hot competition coming in that they dominated in the past decade. Also they're beginning to price themselves out of the market. People will still buy albums, but they'll be more cautious about what they purchase. $7.98 list price for a record of often poor pressing quality will find hard competition from the movies. And maybe when all the hype given to meager talent dies down we'll see a revitalization of the music business. Until then, spend wisely. Settle only for what you know you'll like. □

The K-tel Sell

By Robert Hilburn

Los Angeles Times Pop Music Critic

Anyone who keeps an eye on the national sales charts will recognize these album titles: Supertramps's "Breakfast in America," the Knack's "Meet the Knack" and the Cars' "Candy-O." They were among the biggest hits of 1979.

But if you were a record acountant, you would have been just as excited about the progress of an LP called "High Energy."

Though the 16-song package never showed up on the official sales charts, it has sold more than a million copies—enough to qualify for the record industry's coveted platinum sales award.

"High Energy" is just another of K-tel's "silent hits."

K-tel is a record *merchandiser*, pure and simple.

The company's staff lets other labels go through the glamorous—and often costly—business of finding the stars. K-tel simply sits back and picks off the winners.

Its staff keeps tabs of what records are selling, then arranges to lease the rights to the hits. Every few months, K-tel puts a dozen or so of the tunes into teen, disco, country or ballad collections and goes on television with a massive sales blitz.

With "High Energy," the selections included Blondie's "Heart of Glass," Amii Stewart's "Knock on Wood," Gloria Gaynor's "I Will Survive," Foreigner's "Double Vision" and Styx's "Renegade." The TV campaign was upwards of $1 million.

Though K-tel packages make the Top 10 charts regularly in England, the U.S. trade publications consider the LPs an auxiliary part of the business, like mail order sales and record club sales. Thus, albums aren't charted here.

But the "silent hits" should bring K-tel approximately $165 million in sales this year.

Explains K-tel vice president and general manager David Catlin:

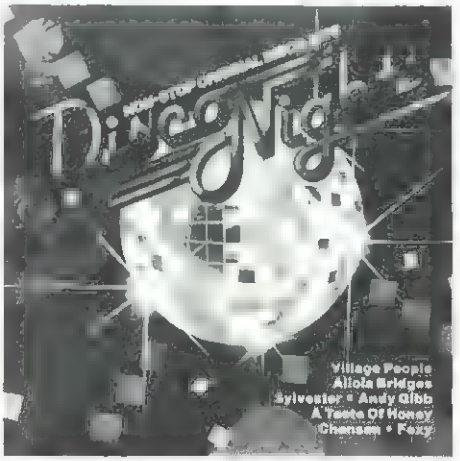
"We don't really care if they chart us or not. We're not in business to satisfy our egos. We know our records sell. That's our reward."

K-tel isn't the only company dealing in compilation or mail order LPs, but it is the best known. Many of its TV merchandising procedures are based on the company's earlier campaigns in behalf of pots, pans, multipurpose kitchen devices and its biggest success—a nylon lint remover.

The firm was started in the early 1960s in Canada by brothers Philip and Ted Kives. After hawking wares door to door and at fairs, the Kiveses borrowed $5,000 for a television campaign promoting Teflon frying pans. The spot went over so well that they sold out. But the news was not all good. The pans turned out to be defective and the brothers had to return all the money. Still they learned they could effectively market through television.

By 1962, K-tel had moved to the United States, where it began applying its merchandising techniques to the record business in 1970, Mickey Elfenbein, executive vice president, now runs the company's North and South American operations.

When K-tel started, the compilation album business did not have a good reputation, Catlin said. "A lot of people considered the albums to be rip-offs," he explained, during a recent visit here from the company's Minnesota headquarters. "Some companies used to use 'soundalike' records rather than the original hit and some companies used to shorten the record so they could get more titles on an album."



K-tel has helped improve the image of the compilation album. Its products deal only in full-length versions of hits by original artists. Among the record makers featured on K-tel albums: Elton John, Linda Ronstadt, Neil Diamond, Rod Stewart, Diana Ross and the Bee Gees.

The label also offers novelty collections ("25 Polka Greats," "50 Children's Favorites"). These LPs aren't always put together with an eye for accuracy. A "California Sun" grouping features such New Jersey and New York-inspired tunes as Freddy Cannon's "Palisades Park" and the Lovin' Spoonful's "Summer in the City."

Still, the albums are attractive bargains for young record-buyers who want the hits of the day. Even with best sellers, you're lucky to get three Top 10 singles in an album. Through "High Energy" and other K-tel discs, you can get a dozen or more hits.

K-tel released seven new albums in October of 1979. "Starflight," the follow-up to "High Energy," features Robert John's "Sad Eyes," M's "Pop Muzik," Maxine Nightengale's "Lead Me On" and Cheap Trick's "I Want You to Want Me."

But the label's biggest push was for "Night Moves," a disco instruction kit. The package features two records and a 96-page illustrated booklet assembled with the assistance of Deney Terio, the star of TV's "Dance Fever." The TV ad budget: a cool $1.5 million.

Don't look for K-tel products in traditional record stores. The firm's lease agreements with record labels greatly restrict K-tel's access to certain retailers. Thus, "High Energy" and other LPs are mainly stocked in department stores (many of which have record departments), drugstore chains or food stores. Many labels apparently insist on this restriction so that K-tel albums don't compete with the labels' own offerings.

Catlin says it's a touchy issue, but one K-tel is hoping to resolve.

"A lot of people in our industry still have a misconception about our role," he said. "We have been gathering research to show that we are really a sales aid, a positive force for selling records.

"We have a young audience. They're not used to buying records. They see our ads on TV and decide they want all those hits. It gets them into the habit of buying albums. We're a traffic builder. So, it makes a lot more sense sending them into record stores than to food stores."

But Catlin has no complaints about "separation" from the normal record business. Because of its strict merchandising role, K-tel doesn't have to worry about bruised artists' egos or changing trends.

"We don't care what is selling," he said. "We're OK as long as *something* is selling." □

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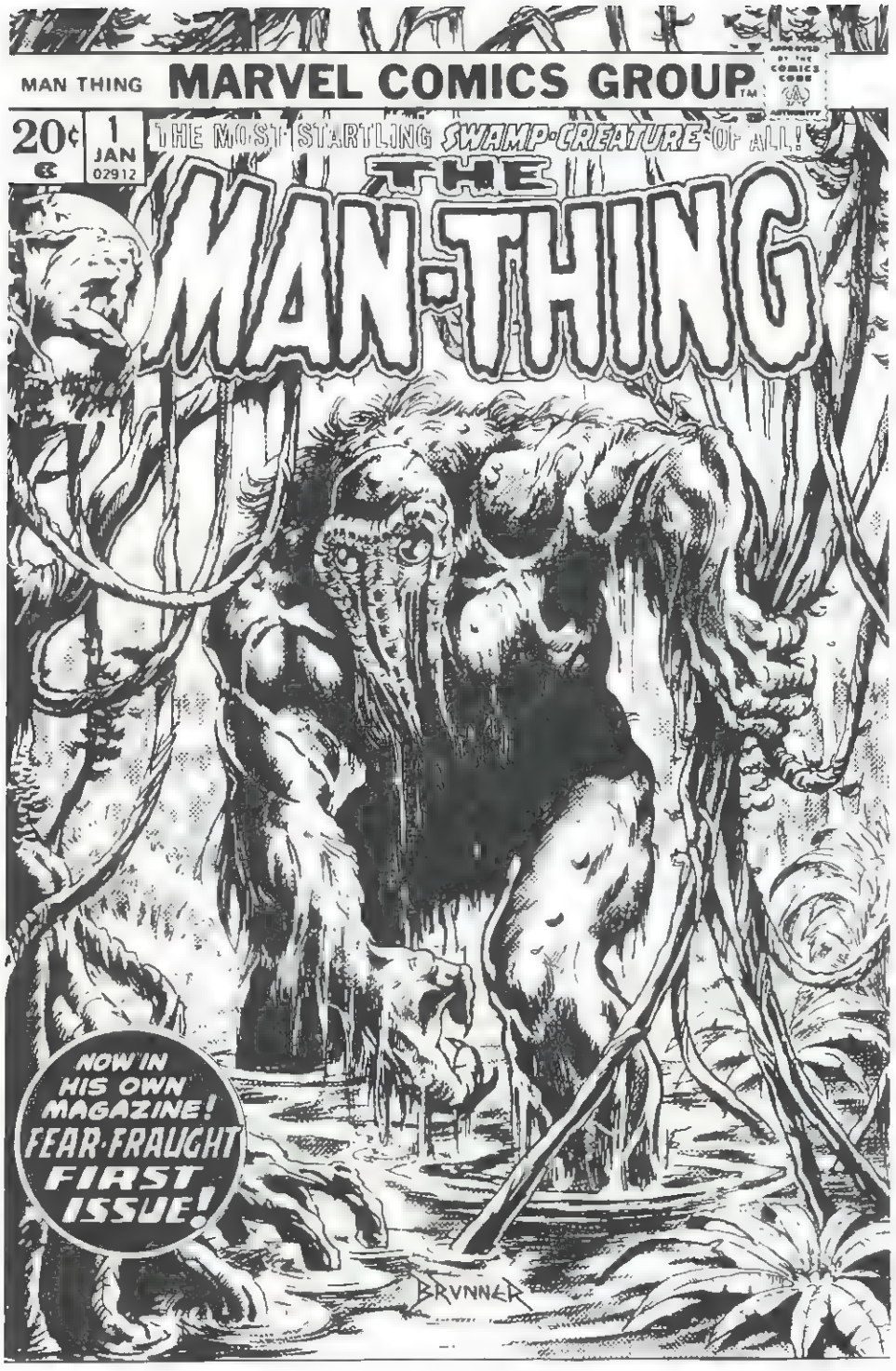


Steve Gerber is a man with a message.

What is that message?

There are many bad things in our world.

I'm sure Steve Gerber doesn't sit in a dim-lit room rubbing his hands together, eyes unfocused, saying, "I am going to destroy the world! Hoo hoo ha ha ha ha!" But he is still helping promote the very things he abhors. Because Steve Gerber rejects reason.

Two key passages in his work on *Man-Thing* show this very clearly. Steve says, "Man-Thing himself is humanity stripped of its pretentions. He's pure emotion, gut reaction, the monster inside all of us that is usually held in check by what we call 'reason.'"

Is reason a "rut?" Is it "hampering?" Yes, in a way. Reason is limiting, because reason is the process of putting together that which is perceived by the senses, or extensions of the senses (telescopes, microscopes, hearing aides). Your mind is therefore limited to what your senses tell you. It would be irrational to deny the evidence of your senses, or introduce into your thinking anything not based on your senses, upon which to form conclusions about reality. Either of these actions is an abandonment of reason. I am sure that few people, Steve Gerber included, would fly on a plane operated by a pilot who was "unhampered by the rut of reason" — who pushed buttons and flicked switches at random.

The make-up of Man-Thing is technically impossible. Not his physical or chemical composition, but his psycho-epistemological make-up. That is, it is impossible for his mind to function in the way it is described.

We are told that Man-thing is "a creature who cannot reason," that he "functions on a combination of animal instinct and his empathic abilities." The Man-Thing "has not the intellect to understand [words,]" but emotions: "these cut thru the pall which hangs over his once-human intellect." "The swamp gave [him] back an ability mankind lost in its infancy . . . that of psychic empathy. [He] can feel what others feel, [he] can understand those feelings."

This is impossible. First, a conscious mind perceives reality. Then through

THE PHILOSOPHY OF MAN-THING

BY RODNEY SCHROETER

reason, those perceptions are put in order. (Incidentally, one does not "impose" order on reality — one can only *discover* that order.) When that mind finds out what is going on, it makes evaluations relative to itself. These are emotions.

It is commonly believed there is a conflict between reason and emotions. "Life isn't that simple, [Sainte-]Cloud," said Ted Sallis of the young girl's ideals. She replied, "It is — if you trust your feelings and stop trying to be logical about everything." Man-Thing cannot "suppress or reason away those feelings as humans can." But there is no conflict between reason and emotion, if indeed reason is employed. It is only when a person denies reality, in ways both subtle and not-so-subtle, that emotions correspondingly veer from reality.

There are those who, not understanding the nature of emotions, think of them as causes, and not effects. They try to make decisions on the basis of their emotions alone. How many times have you heard something like what Maura Spinner says of her decision to stay with Khordes, the wizard? "I'm not sure why, but . . . . I feel I must." And many people are like Man-Thing in that "he does not—cannot —even realize he is making a judgment! He acts purely on what he feels!"

And that's where the trouble really starts.

One thing Steve obviously dislikes is the crusader, the type who thinks he has the right to enforce his lifestyle on others, even going so far as killing those who do not comply. Three distinct crusaders are presented in *Man-Thing:*

1. The Foolkiller, *Man-Thing* #s 3 and 4.
2. The Viking, *Man-Thing* #s 16-18.
3. Olivia Selby, *Man-Thing* #s 17 and 18.

Their common denominator is that they have abandoned reason — and are essentially like the Man-Thing himself.

What is the Foolkiller's purpose? To kill fools. He does not specifically identify the criteria upon which to judge a person a "fool." His own pronouncement is enough because, in his own estimation, he is "Heaven's finest warrior." He says, "I am but a servant . . . . an avenging angel" of the Lord.

How does he know this? He doesn't — he "feels" it. He is constantly saying (to himself, mostly) that any action he takes has to be right. His actions were "ordained since the dawn of time," and "ordained from on high."

Even when the evidence of his own senses indicates that he may have been wrong in his actions, the Foolkiller does not do the rational thing and re-evaluate those actions. When he sees Man-Thing (whom it was "ordained" should die) save some innocent people (whom the Foolkiller had shot down by an error in judgement), he thinks, "Can it be? Have I also misjudged Sallis? No! It is impossible! My hand is guided from on high! He [the Lord] cannot err — thus, I cannot err!" Truly, here is a man who is "unhampered by the rut of reason."

THEY COME. ALL THE DAYS OF THEIR LIVES HAVE LED TO THIS MOMENT.
IT WAS ORDAINED LONG AGO IN HEAVEN THAT THIS DAY THEY WOULD MEET--
THE FOOL-KILLER!
THEY WILL BE GIVEN THEIR CHANCE AT SALVATION... TO SUCCEED OR FAIL!
AND IF THEY CHOOSE WRONGLY... THEIR REWARD SHALL BE..
...WHAT IT SHALL BE...
HAHAHAHAHA
BUT FIRST..
THEY MUST BE STOPPED--
--AS ONLY THE FOOLKILLER MAY STOP THEM-- WITH THE PURIFICATION BURST--
--THE ENERGY OF THE JUST AND RIGHTEOUS.
THUS FAR, I HAVE FOUND ONLY MYSELF WORTHY OF WIELDING IT.
BUT MY SEARCH FOR ANOTHER-- A DISCIPLE-- PRESSES EVER FORWARD.
JUST AS MY SACRED CRUSADE MUST CARRY ON!
FRENCH! THE CREEP'S GOT A GUN! LOOK OUT!
HE'S GONNA DO AN "EASY RIDER" NUMBER ON US!

Like the Foolkiller, the Viking is out to change the world, killing those who oppose him. He wants to enforce his ideal of masculinity, which he never clearly defines. Apparently, no one is a "man" unless he can physically beat the Viking. For him, brute force has replaced reason.

The third crusader is Olivia Selby, the concerned mother who says parents must decide the content of their children's education. Mrs. Selby is justified in wanting control of her child's (but no other child's) upbringing. A government-controlled compulsory education system which tolerates, but financially discourages, alternate education is to blame for lack of such control. But the values which Mrs. Selby feels are right are not based on reason. (Even so, she still has the right to bring her child up by them.)

The trouble with the kids, she says, came "by failing our duty to God." She says, "If we're to control what our children think — we have to decide what they learn!" Learning, for Mrs. Selby, is an uncritical acceptance of dogma. Have you ever read how those "cult deprogrammers" work? Since the acceptance of any religion is based on faith (accepting something by means other than the senses), there is no possible way to rationally argue the validity of one cult over

another. So the deprogrammers do not use reason, but a constant inculcation of dogma, against one cult in exchange for the cult the parents want their child to believe in. They use the same tactics the cult leaders use. Nor does Mrs. Selby attempt to rationally argue in favor of her position, to attempt to show how her ideas are based on reality. Instead she employs the use of force, of the mob — and of the Viking.

Steve has, in teaming these two up, brought us a pair that mankind has seen many times — Faith and Force. They appear as allies throughout history, as individuals or as groups. Faith says, "Believe me, and follow me!" Someone who has not given up reason says, "No!" Force swings his axe and kills the non-believer.

These people are certainly not guided by reason. That phrase which described Man-Thing can be appropriately applied to any one of those crusaders: "He acts purely on what he feels!"

Since reason is the only way to perceive and eventually understand reality, a person who gives up reason will soon become bewildered by the world around him. Things start making no sense. It becomes difficult to function. One feels out of control of one's life. Reality then becomes a force, with some kind of purpose, or even consciousness. Then, to function at all, this force must be placated, obeyed, or worshipped.

We are introduced to Richard Rory (*Man-Thing* magazine #2) by being told that he "is one of the losers . . . . one of the luckless ones whom fate has singled out for a life of near-misses — at fame — at fortune — and, most recently, at love." I doubt if most people, Steve Gerber included, actually think there are Fates weaving a tapestry upon which the destinies of men are woven. But many people believe fate or luck to be an active force, that can be changed. I have a picture clipped from a newspaper of a woman with twenty bingo cards, around which are placed dozens of talismans and good luck charms. She and anyone else who entertains a superstition, like keeping a rabbit's foot, is trying to appeal to or influence that force.

Rory's feeling of inadequacy is reinforced time and again by the bad things that happen to him. But he feels it has nothing to do with his own thought processes or actions. "It never fails! I was a born loser — and I'll be one as long as I live!"

The break with reality often does not end with the concept of "luck." More often, people humanize that force and create gods or demons. This is what a person does every time he says "God dammit." He is blaming a god for something that has happened, even if it is his own fault.

Steve Gerber's use of demons in several storylines (late *Fear* to *Man-Thing* #1 and *Man-Thing* #s 19-22) does not mean he actually believes in those specific demons. But his use of them reflects an underlying belief that man is not in control of his own life, that reality is controlled by a conscious entity. That he believes in luck or fate is very likely — from the introduction of Rory quoted earlier, and his constant reference to the "Gerber curse," which I don't know how seriously he takes. (Probably not very.)

A person who makes a point of understanding reality, through reason, will begin to feel self-esteem, a feeling of being able to cope with that reality. He will feel in control of reality, and of his life. *Man-Thing* #12 introduced a man not in control — Brian Lazarus.

Reader Chris Kanes, in the letter column of *Man-Thing* #16, wrote of the madman: "Brian seemed like a really screwed up character and didn't draw any empathy from me whatsoever. I think Sibyl is slightly off herself in finding

WHAT DO YOU MEAN, YOU'LL SEND US A CHECK?
ABOUT YOUR GROCERY BILL...
YOU WANT CARPETS, YOU GOTTA PAY FOR 'EM, PAL!
AT ONE TIME OR ANOTHER... IN SOME LIFE OR ANOTHER... HE HAS HAD THIS SAME EXPERIENCE, FELT THE SAME WAY BRIAN LAZARUS FEELS NOW...
PARKING TICKET, BUB. THAT'S TWENTY-FIVE BUCKS!
FIRST OF THE MONTH, LAZARUS. RENT'S DUE.
...AS A THOUSAND CRAWLING FINGERS, A HUNDRED DRONING VOICES, EACH DEMANDING A BIT OF SOUL OR FLESH, DESCEND UPON HIM ALL AT ONCE.

...TO BECOME THAT SOUL?
SURELY HIS JUDGEMENT MUST BE MORE VALID THAN THAT OF THREE ETHEREAL BUREAU-CRATS!
AND ESPECIALLY SO SINCE HE DOES NOT-- CANNOT-- EVEN REALIZE HE IS MAKING A JUDGEMENT! HE ACTS PURELY ON WHAT HE FEELS!
AND WHAT HE FEELS, THOUGH NOT IN THESE TERMS, IS THAT AN INJUSTICE IS ABOUT TO BE COMMITTED!

anything attractive about him." Steve Gerber replied that he did not believe someone like Brian could be "cured."

Brian's first hallucination that we see, on page 6 of *Man-Thing* #12, is of a dozen people reaching for him, clawing at him, demanding money for things he has bought on credit (and a parking ticket). In Brian's mind, there is no connection between these phantasms' demands and his own actions. Brian is not willing to pay the consequences for what he has done (run up bills). This aspect of his insanity is quite apart from his dislike for his advertising job. If he hates that job so much, he doesn't have to stay there. From appearances, though, it's possible he resents the fact that he must put forth some effort to maintain his own existence. And if he doesn't like bill collectors, he should curtail his purchases on credit. But, to his thinking, the world is persecuting him.

Reader Bill Mills wrote in the letter column of issue #6 that *Man-Thing* was "one mag Marvel and Marveldom can do without. There is no hero for any of us (I hope!) to identify with — except maybe Jennifer." Steve replied that, "far from being a magazine Marveldom can do without, I sincerely believe that *Man-Thing* is a comic the world needs! (Or, at least, can use.)"

Mills wrote again, his letter appearing in *Man-Thing* #20:

> Evidently Steve G. aspires to be the Harlan Ellison of comics. He likes to try different things. This is fine — but he seems absolutely determined to explore the worst side of humanity. I often hate to read his stories thru to the end. It is questionable whether the spirit is advanced by this sort of thing. It certainly does not rise. Steve apparently wanted to show the absurdity of both the old and the new cultures, and he did — at least to some degree. But that's all there was here, exposure of decay. No exposure of decency. The only character who might have had that trait, the Viking's granddaughter — never got her character past the one dimensional stage. Although it will inevitably sound condescending, I must say that I worry about Steve when he dwells so—lovingly?—on the dark side of life.

I've been reading comics for years now, and much of what thrilled me then only bores me now. But those comics have heroes — people who stick to their ideals. There aren't too many heroes who verbally define their own values, but they certainly reflect a much more rational approach to life than do the characters presented in *Man-Thing*. Their highest value, in the end, is human life. And it doesn't matter whether the hero is a superpowered being saving the lives of the whole earth from aliens, or a cop on his beat saving an innocent person from some muggers.

But what kind of reader would want to identify with Man-Thing? Or Richard Rory?

Comics present these ideals in very simplified terms, of course. But they are mostly read by young people. I'd much rather see a kid reading a comic with real heroes, because I know that someday that kid will grow up and have something to do with what goes on in the world. Those comics will do more spiritual good than contemplating the muck of irrationality.

But don't think for a minute that I'd tear a *Man-Thing* comic out of a kid's (even my own kid's) hands. That's not my style. That's irrational. Why do you think I wrote this article? □

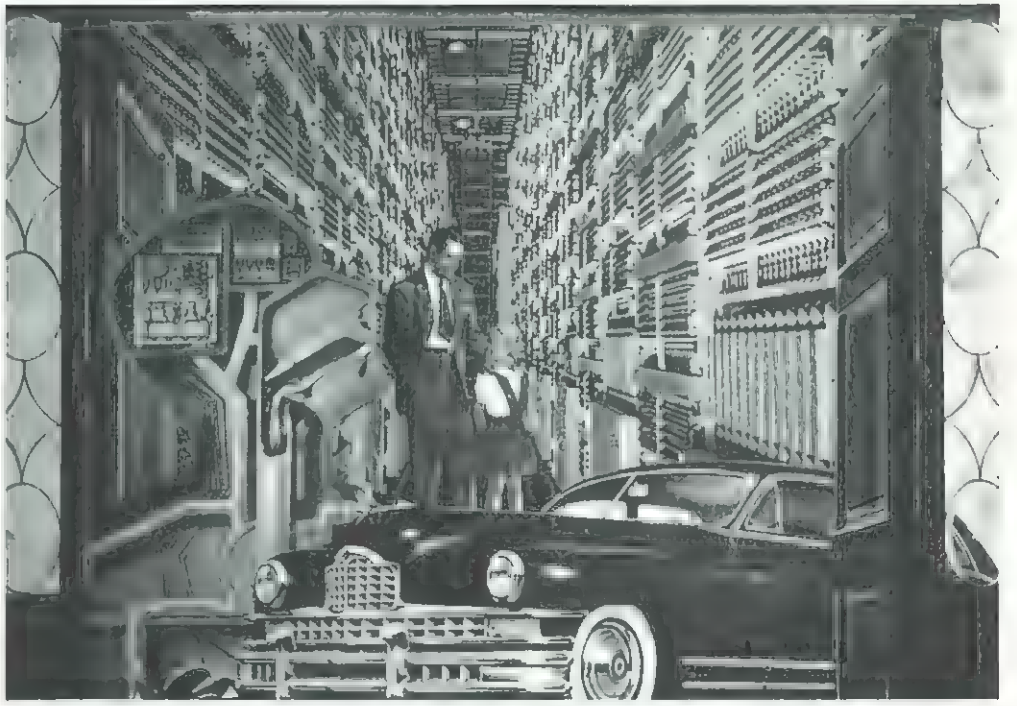
1984

TOMORROW'S WORLD TODAY

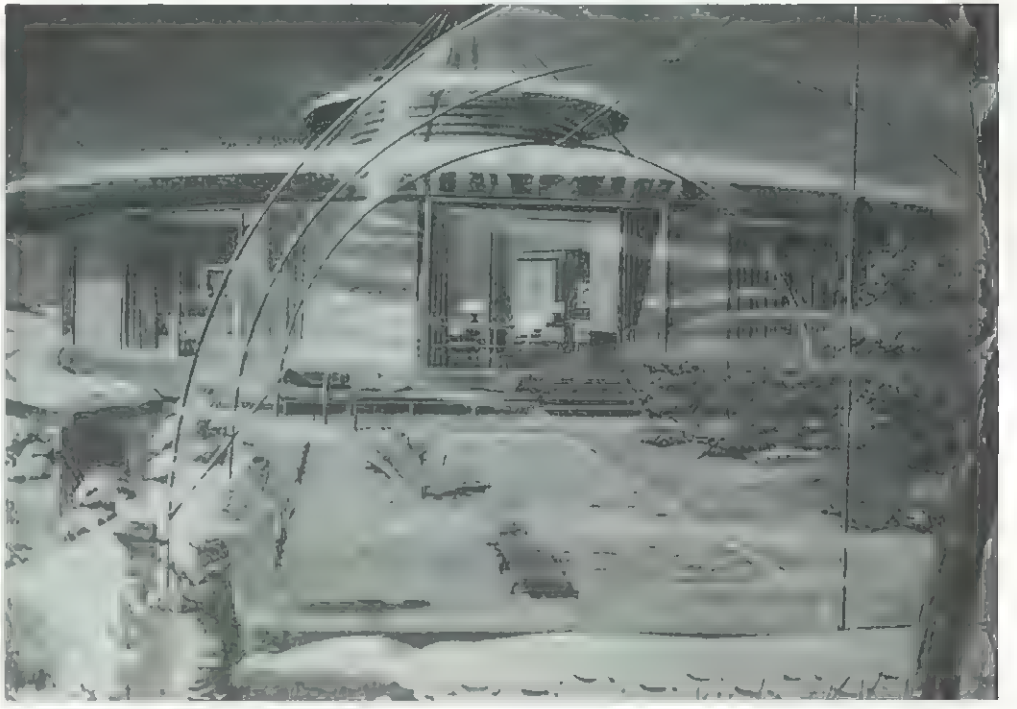
Futurism has been one of the prevalent myths of the 20th Century. We see its influence in advertising, design, architecture and art. Marcel Duchamp called futurism a kind of urban impressionism. In no other place in the world has futurism shaped the look of the urban environment as much as in America. This stylistically self-conscious form of expression is a slave to a repressive vision of progress based upon affluence, exploitation, power and control. We see it celebrated in such diverse but massive endeavors as the construction of huge monoliths like the Empire State Building and the World Trade Center, the space program, the long list of World Fairs, and the creation of leisure industries. The following visuals were sent to Canada-based Image Bank by artists as part of a research project to determine the real look and/or imagined look of 1984; the majority of them have been culled from contemporary media, magazines, wire photos and television.

Text and photos ©1974 by Environmental Communications

SPACE TRAVELERS, 1984

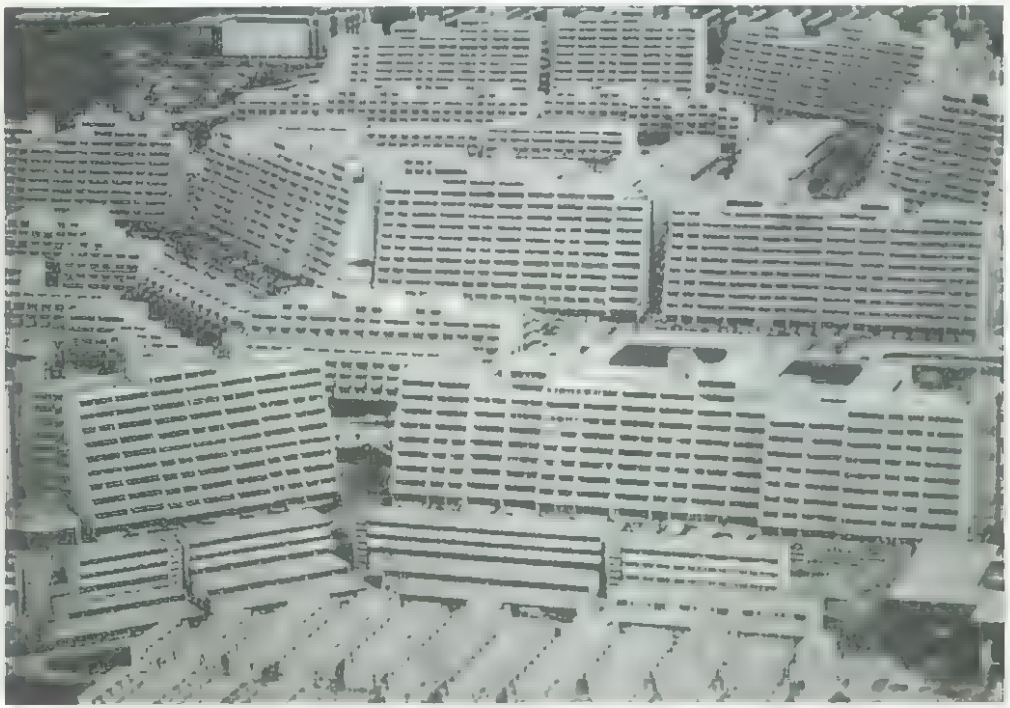


DOORS OPENING ONTO THE IMAGE BANK OF THE FUTURE



BUCK FULLER MEETS BUCK ROGERS

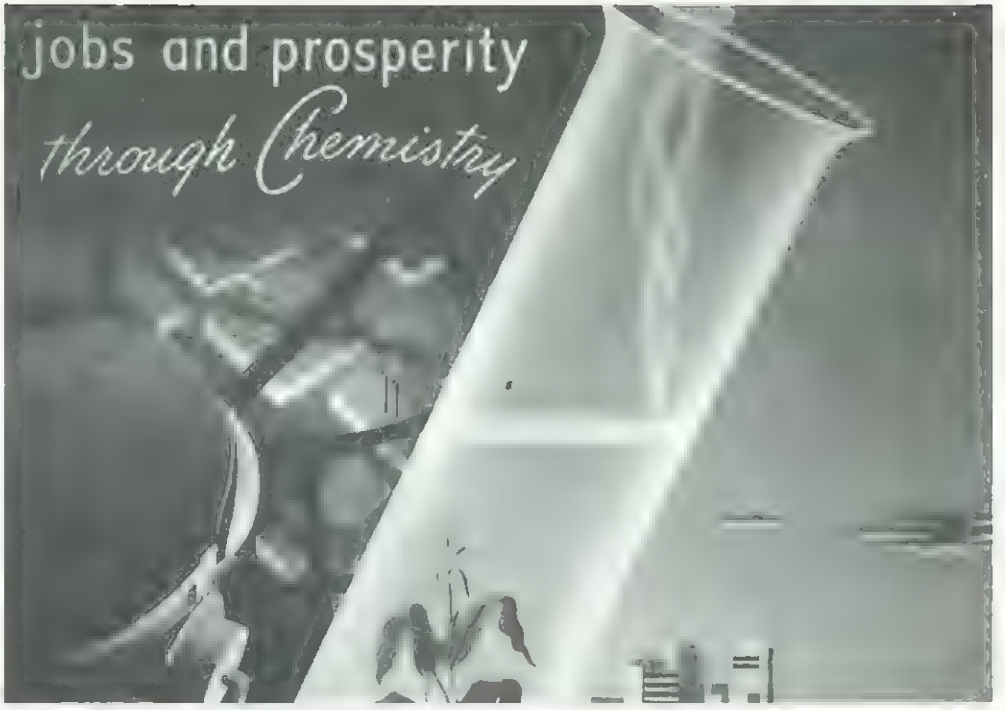
THE LEANING TOWER OF BABEL



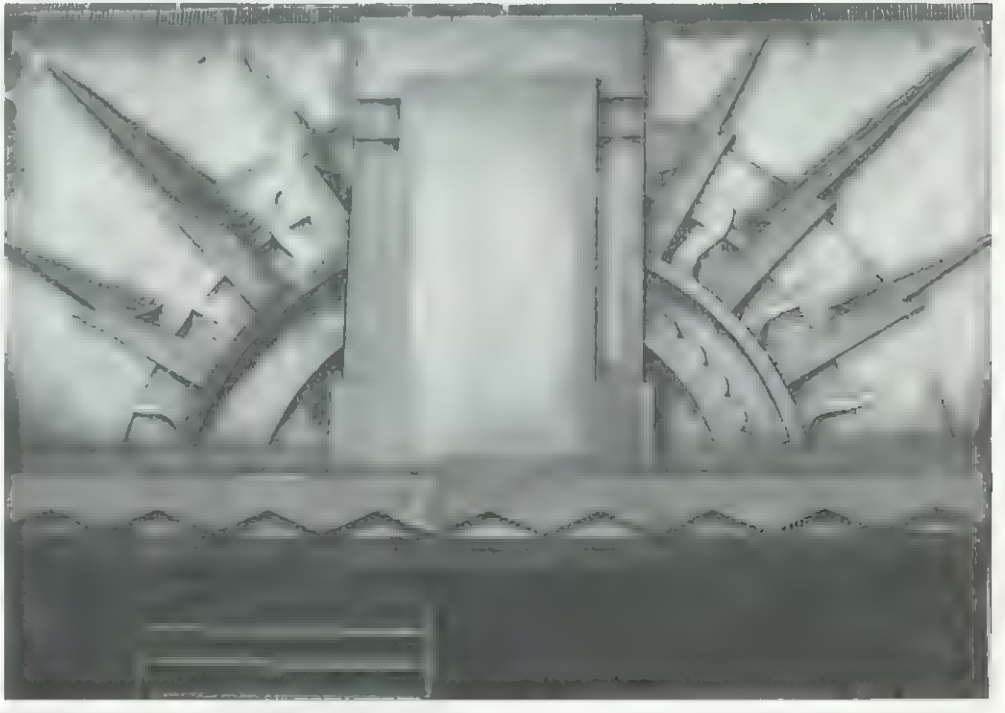
OLYMPIC VILLAGE, MUNICH 1972

HEAVY TRUCKING

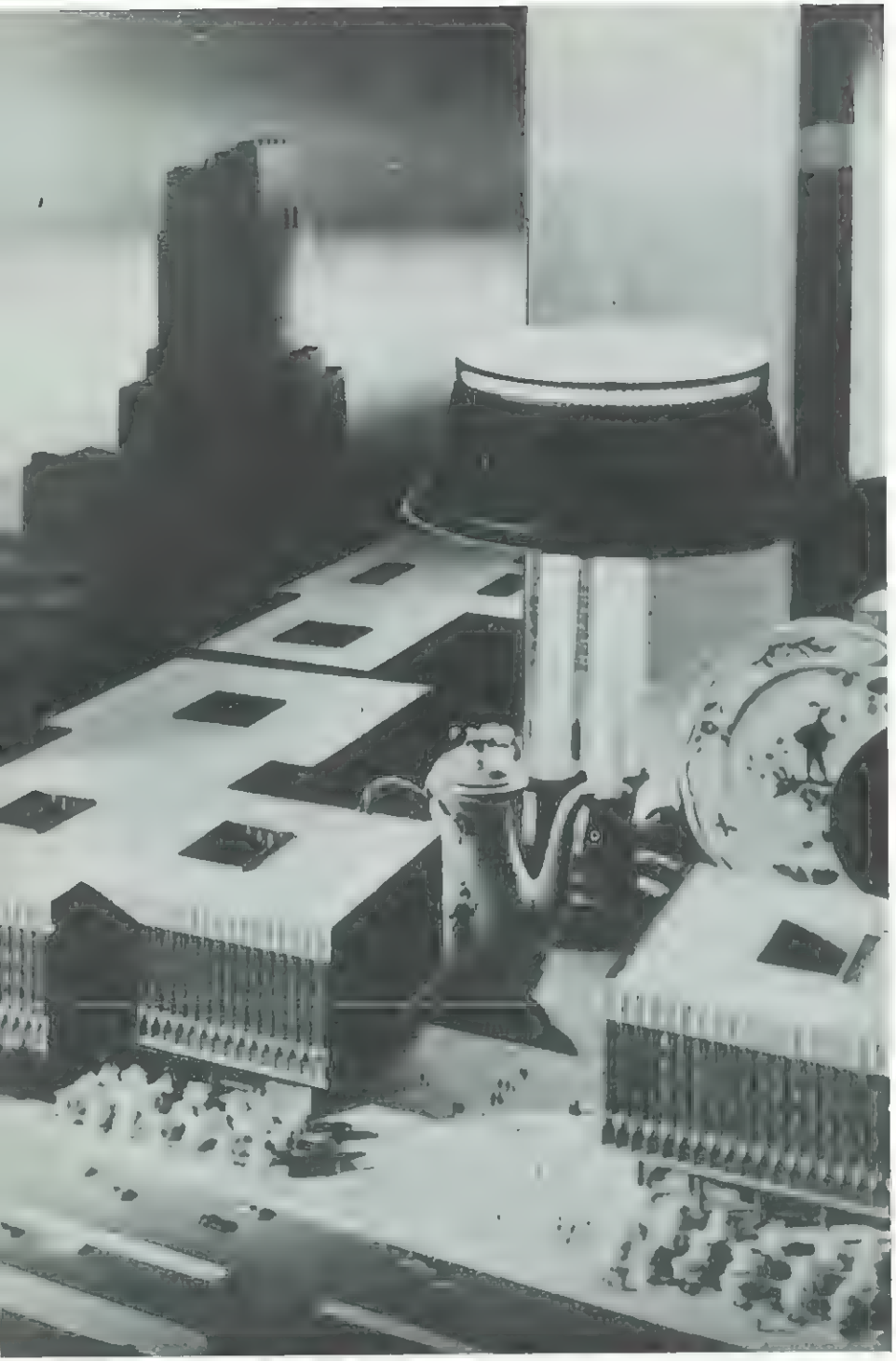
VIDEO WATCH



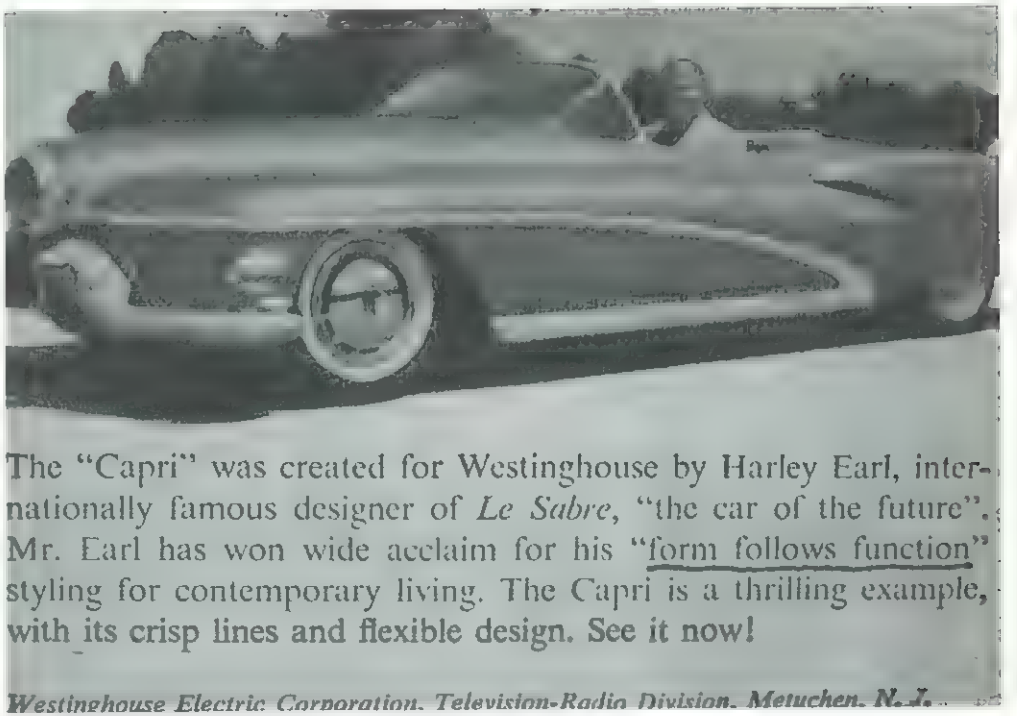
INDUSTRY AND THE WORKING MAN



ENTERING A HYDRO POWER SUBSTATION

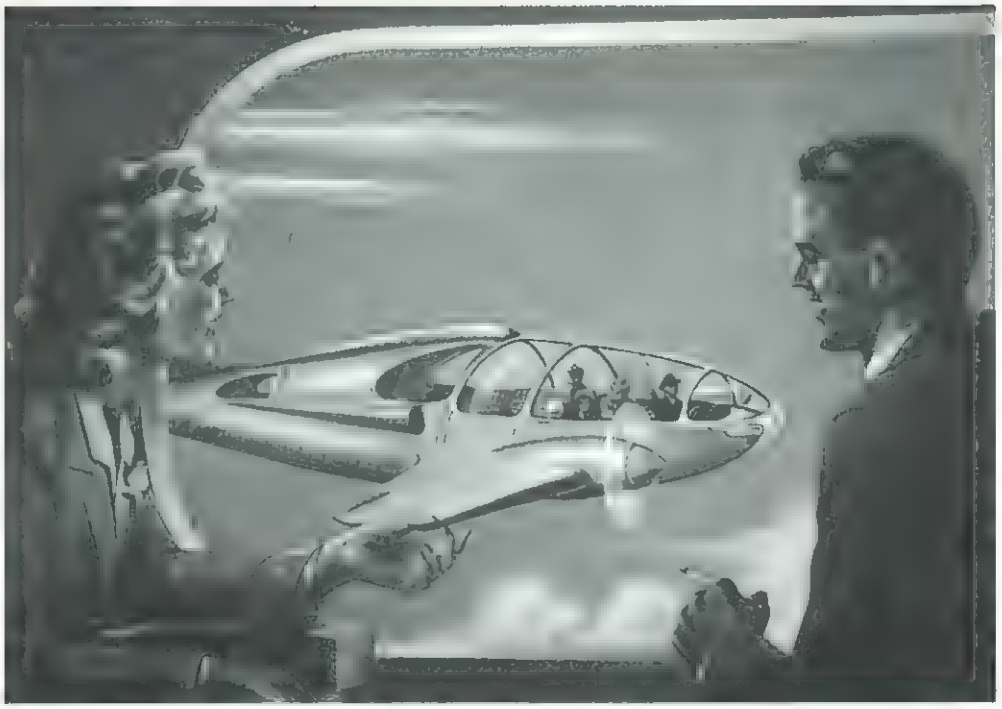


SOFTCORE SURREALISM


The "Capri" was created for Westinghouse by Harley Earl, internationally famous designer of *Le Sabre*, "the car of the future". Mr. Earl has won wide acclaim for his "form follows function" styling for contemporary living. The Capri is a thrilling example, with its crisp lines and flexible design. See it now!
Westinghouse Electric Corporation, Television-Radio Division, Metuchen, N. J.

FORM FOLLOWS FUNCTION

TOP OF THE WORLD, MA



CRUISING IN THE STRATOSPHERE

THE 2000 LUX YEAR COMMUTER

LOADING A TIME CAPSULE

And the First R

Beauty pageantry has grown into an industry that engulfs hundreds of thousands of hopeful girls and young women every year. There are more pageants, big and small, than can be counted. Behind the sparkle and the spotlights, the sleek evening gowns and brief swimsuits there's a hard, cold reason for pageantry's growth: There's money in beauty queens. Big money.

"The beauty is the bait," says New York press agent Richard Falk, creator of Miss Ice, Miss Pizza, Miss Hot Dog and, on the behalf of a brokerage firm, Miss Put On Call. "The purpose of beauty events is to publicize something besides the beauty," Falk says. "There's always a commercial tie."

Some pageants aim for indirect profit through publicity to sponsors or their products. Others make direct profits by taking in more money—from the contestants and the community—than they spend.

Because no one can count the beauty pageants, no one can say precisely how many young women compete. But each year more than 80,000 girls enter nearly 3,000 pageants leading up to the Miss America Pageant in Atlantic City. Officials at the lesser-known Miss Hemisphere contest claim 750,000 compete in their pageants yearly. To thousands of hopeful young contestants, pageantry promises exposure, publicity that may lead to a career in modeling or acting. To others, it's a chance to stand apart, to be somehow exceptional. Many are willing to pay for that chance. For some it's virtually a full-time occupation. A 14-year-old New Jersey girl says she's competed in 100 pageants; a 19-year-old Texas girl has entered 18 pageants. The girls continue to flock to pageantry, unconcerned by controversies that recently tarnished that glittering world:

—Three judges and several contestants walked out of the Miss Black America contest in Los Angeles recently and a contestant's mother stormed the stage to call the pageant a "farce" and a "fraud."

—In July, at the Miss Orient U.S.A. pageant in Long Beach, reigning queen Leilani O'Melia refused to give up her crown because, she said, she had not received her prizes—$15,000, a trip to the Far East, a screen test and a root-beer promotion contract.

—During the Miss North Carolina pageant in June, out-going queen Debbie Shook crushed her crown in a fit of temper before 2,000 stunned onlookers after she was stripped of her title for telling reporters she had not received a promised $5,500 wardrobe.

It isn't surprising, then, that Joseph Maisto of Trenton, N.J., was concerned when his daughter Gina received a letter inviting her to compete for the Miss Teen U.S.A. New Jersey crown. "I figured they may be exploiting the girls for the money," Maisto said. But he let Gina enter. She persuaded a local bakery to pay her $200 entry fee, went to work selling ads for the pageant program, polished a tap dance and came away from the pageant as the happy second

Runner-Up Is...

By Jane See White

SUZY CHARLES
Gold Coast Model Agency

runner-up.

That pageant's director was Gloria Wooding, a shareholder in Miss Teen U.S.A. The corporation was formed in 1979 as an offshoot of Miss United Teen-Ager, she said. "There are enough quality girls interested in pageantry that I feel there's enough room for all of us," Mrs. Wooding said.

People who run pageants like Miss Teen U.S.A. take in money in many ways—entry fees, ad sales, program sales, momento sales, photo sales. Then they stage their pageants, pay the bills and count their profits. Some entrepreneurs in the tributaries of the modeling business also profit from pageantry. Consider, for instance, Frank Barone who runs a modeling school in Falls Church, Va. Barone urges his students to pay a $10 application fee and a $29 entry fee to compete in his pageants—Miss Metropolitan Model, Miss Capitol Area, Miss Photo Model, Miss American Glamour and Miss Black Model. "I feel pageants are an important steppingstone in a model's career—they get experience in front of an audience and they get exposure," Barone said. "Many times there are people in the audience who approach them and give them cards, like photographers."

Others profit differently from queens. Miss U.S.A. and Miss Universe, for instance, are subsidiaries of Kayser-Roth Corp., maker of Catalina swimsuits. Producers who buy franchises to run Miss U.S.A. state pageants sign a contract including this clause: "No photographs of the winning delegate wearing a swimsuit shall be released . . . unless she is wearing a Catalina swimsuit."

The Miss U.S.A. and Miss Universe television productions are sponsored by Proctor & Gamble. In 1978, the Miss Universe broadcast had a larger audience share than any program aired that week.

On a local level, businesses seeking publicity can tap pageantry. An example is the Miss El Paso preliminary for Miss Texas U.S.A. Carolyn Mitchell, an aide at Guyrex Associates, owners of the Miss Texas U.S.A. franchise, says a $700 entry fee is charged each contestant in the Miss El Paso pageant. "But there is absolutely no cost to the girls," she says. "Sixty girls try out for the El Paso pageant and 12 are selected to compete. Twelve area businesses, who have contracted to sponsor the girls, pay the $700."

Misty Murray hiked up her evening gown and climbed atop a chair to rouse the 97 earnest teen-age girls at her feet to slap on smiles and skip joyously into the finale of the Miss Teen U.S.A. New Jersey pageant. "...And remember," Misty cried, "no matter who walks away with the crown, every single one of you are queens just for being here!" Misty, a staff aide for Miss Teen U.S.A., is an old hand. At 19, she's competed in 18 beauty pageants. Some asked her to pay an entry fee and sell advertising for the program; some asked her to do nothing but smile.

The Miss Teen U.S.A. pageant was the

first that 18-year-old Margaret Kulak of Manville, N.J., ever entered. When a letter came inviting her to compete, her parents put up the $200 entry fee. "I'd always wanted to be in a pageant," she said. "It's every American girl's dream. I got this letter and I figured if I was good enough to be a state finalist, I could be good enough to win."

This is how Margaret came to receive that invitation, according to Gloria Wooding:

"Nine months in advance, we sent literally thousands of letters to schools, ministers, modeling and dance schools, asking them to recommend girls," Mrs. Wooding said. "Then a selection committee screened the girls' applications." The committee rejected girls under 14 or over 18 and girls who reported a grade average below a B, she said. The rest were notified that they had been selected as finalists in the state pageant.

"My parents were so proud," said another contestant, Diane Chiola of Highland Park. "They were bragging to everyone. I felt like a special person."

Like Diane, most of the 97 girls persuaded local businesses to pay their $200 entry fees. In return, the pageant sent a sponsorship certificate, a free pageant program and two tickets to the pageant. Mrs. Wooding also invited the girls to sell program ads. It's not required, she wrote them, but girls selling eight pages win a free trip to the Hawaii pageant and those selling seven pages get a trip to the Alaska contest. The girl who sold the most would be named Miss Hospitality-New Jersey. The 97 finalists sold 43 pages of ads worth at least $10,500. The pageant also took in $19,400 in entry fees, $5 a head for an audience of about 1,000 and an untold amount at $2.50 each for programs and mementos like the $18.50 jackets and $5 T-shirts bearing the contest's emblem.

But not all pageants charge entry fees and egg entrants into sales feats. Not all aim to make money. Both Miss America and Miss Junior Miss are not-for-profit. The Dr. Pepper-owned Miss Teen-Age America doesn't have not-for-profit tax status, "but it's run that way," said Mac Martin, a vice president.

Junior Miss headquarters selects local groups to fun preliminaries, said vice president R.C. Lauten. If entry fees are charged, he said, the local organizers are required to find the contestants' sponsors. He added, "We don't allow any girls to pay to get into this thing."

Miss America chief Albert Marks says local pageants are meted out to civic groups, often to Junior Chamber of Commerce chapters. "There are no entry fees," Marks says. "If there's a profit on the state or local level, it goes to the civic group's project."

Some pageants—Miss Teen-Age America, Miss U.S.A. and Miss

Debbie Hudson, Gold Coast Model Agency

Four state winners in the 1979 Mrs. America Pageant

Susan Clark, Indiana

Sheri Frank, Minnesota

Sharon Brock, Kansas

Hemisphere among them—sell preliminary pageant franchises to civic groups, free-lance pageant producers or businesses. Miss Teen-Age America franchises sell for between $1,500 and $3,000, Martin said. He said 95% are bought by Dr. Pepper bottlers, who use the contest as a promotion. The pageant is set up, Martin said, so "there is no reason for a girl to spend any money."

Al Roselli of Miss Hemisphere said franchises are sold for $750 and franchise owners profit by selling program ads, programs and admission tickets. But he said he dumped a Florida franchise owner who gave special treatment to the girls who sold the most ads. "He got fired for it and he was sorry he was fired because he made $50,000 in his state," Roselli added.

What's in it for the girls? For the winners, prizes—scholarships, wardrobes, trips. Miss Hemisphere queens win diamond watches, cars and more, Roselli said. The reigning Junior Miss, 18-year-old Susan Horvath, won a four-year college scholarship and $25,000 she plans to use for law school. But it she changes her mind about school, Lauten said, the cash "goes back into our foundation."

If Miss Teen-Age America doesn't go to school, said Mac Martin, she loses her scholarship prize. That's also the rule at the Miss America pageant, said Marks, unless there's "dire need."

There are no strings attached to Miss Teen U.S.A.'s "scholarships"—$500 for state winners and $15,000 for the national queen, said Mrs. Wooding. That's true, too, of Miss Universe prize money, said chief executive officer Harold Glasser, because, "I think a girl is entitled to her money, and all the money, that she won."

Some girls enter beauty pageants for the prize money, some just for fun, but for many it's a calculated career step. Too often, they miscalculate. "They spend their money and what do they get for it? Blue ribbons and tin cups," says a modeling agent who declined to be named.

But sometimes it works. Take the case of 18-year-old Julie Floyd, who won a prestigious modeling job along with a crown.

Each year, four modeling school associations run meetings that are a combination of seminars and pageantlike contests. Aspiring models pay entry fees, travel and hotel costs to attend. Two years ago, Julie entered the International Fashion Modeling Assn. pageant. When the honey-blonde Phoenix teen-ager won, the grande dame of New York modeling was watching. Today Julie is modeling for Eileen Ford.

But there's a cloud over Julie's success: Both Mrs. Ford and Julie's teacher, Helen Rogers of Phoenix's Plaza 3 school, say Julie never got the $2,000 cash prize

Linda Brockman, one of Florida's Dazzling Dozen *Gold Coast Model Agency*

Rebecca Case, Miss United Teenager 1979, is elated at announcement that she has captured the national crown. At left, Carris Lynn Christensen, United Teenager 1978.

that was promised to the winner. International Fashion Modeling Assn. executive director Larry Cornell says Julie was ineligible when she won because "she wasn't 16 years old." Nevertheless, he says, he wrote Mrs. Rogers that "if and when Eileen Ford wished to extend a contract to Julie, we will then honor our commitment." Cornell says that offer expired on Dec. 31, 1978, and since Julie went with Ford in 1979, "our obligation has been fulfilled." Mrs. Rogers says she's still trying to get Julie's money.

Susan Horvath, reigning Junior Miss and winner of the four-year college scholarship and $25,000, thinks many girls leap into pageantry without looking first. "A lot of girls see a program like Junior Miss and realize what a good opportunity it can be," she says. "Then they enter a contest without knowing if it's a good program. I was lucky." ■

©1979 Associated Press

Stand up and Cheer in Sassy, Sexy...
SHOW-OFF SHORTS

JUST LIKE THOSE PROFESSIONAL CHEERLEADERS WEAR...sparkling wash & wear white short shorts to guarantee you a stadium full of fans! Wear the matching fringed vest, too. Really razzle, dazzle them. Vest completely lined. Sizes 5, 7, 9, 11 & 13.

Apparel advertising slanted toward pageant contestants and agency models. Manufactured by R.F.P. Company, 26 Howe Place, Yonkers, New York 10708.

Anne Hinnant, 1979 Miss Texas U.S.A., personifies the glamour of televised pageants

McBryde's Creative Photography of El Paso, Texas

the world of beauty PAGEANTS

Beauty contests have created scores of peripheral endeavors. One of the more enterprising is a 32-page quarterly magazine called *The World of Beauty Pageants,* edited and published by J. Nolan White of Mobile, Alabama. The publication, now in its second year, has been well received among pageant contestants, many of whom aspire to become top models or actresses as a result of their pageant experience.

White not only deals with over 180 pageant systems whose schedules appear in the national magazine, but also is directly involved in his own pageant system.

"I started the Miss Celebrity Pageant last November just to create more cash flow to expand the magazine," White confides. "Ninety contestants came from 14 different states and most were recommended by pageant directors who assured me these winners were the most poised and attractive girls in their respective states. Some directors were so impressed they insisted we bring Miss Celebrity to their region."

Of all its promotions, the Miss Celebrity Pageant is the magazine's most successful tie-in because it creates a more responsive market. "The winners of every pageant appreciate publicity," says White. "Naturally I'm going to give our winners publicity, but without overpowering the other pageants. The regional Miss Celebrity events are held in the spring and summer so that winners can enter the national finals during August in Dallas, Texas. This pageant owes its name to the upcoming major motion picture *Cover Girl.* It will take a year of filming to complete the movie, which means we have time to film lots of contestants at the national finals."

Winners of the pageant are assured walk-on parts in the movie, while others are chosen for candid filming and background roles. The theme of *Cover Girl* centers around a small-town pageant girl whose dream is to be a media superstar. "Pageant winners are eager for the opportunity to be in a movie," says White. "Most have won their share of trophies and gifts, so the movie has a unique appeal for them. It's worth more than, say, $1000 cash."

The World of Beauty Pageants, White points out, thrives on the ambitions of winners who pattern their dreams after the victorious girls displayed in such special sections as Pageants Personalities, Watching the Winners, Gallery of Models and Pageant Profile.

Contributors include major pageant directors who furnish news, schedules, photos and assist with distribution of the publication nationwide. To quote from a few of its profusely illustrated articles:

"Regardless of where in the country the contest is . . . it is necessary to know what the pageant's basic philosophy is."

"Our girls did over 600 commercials last year."

"The attitude of a contestant's mother has more influence that one would ever believe."

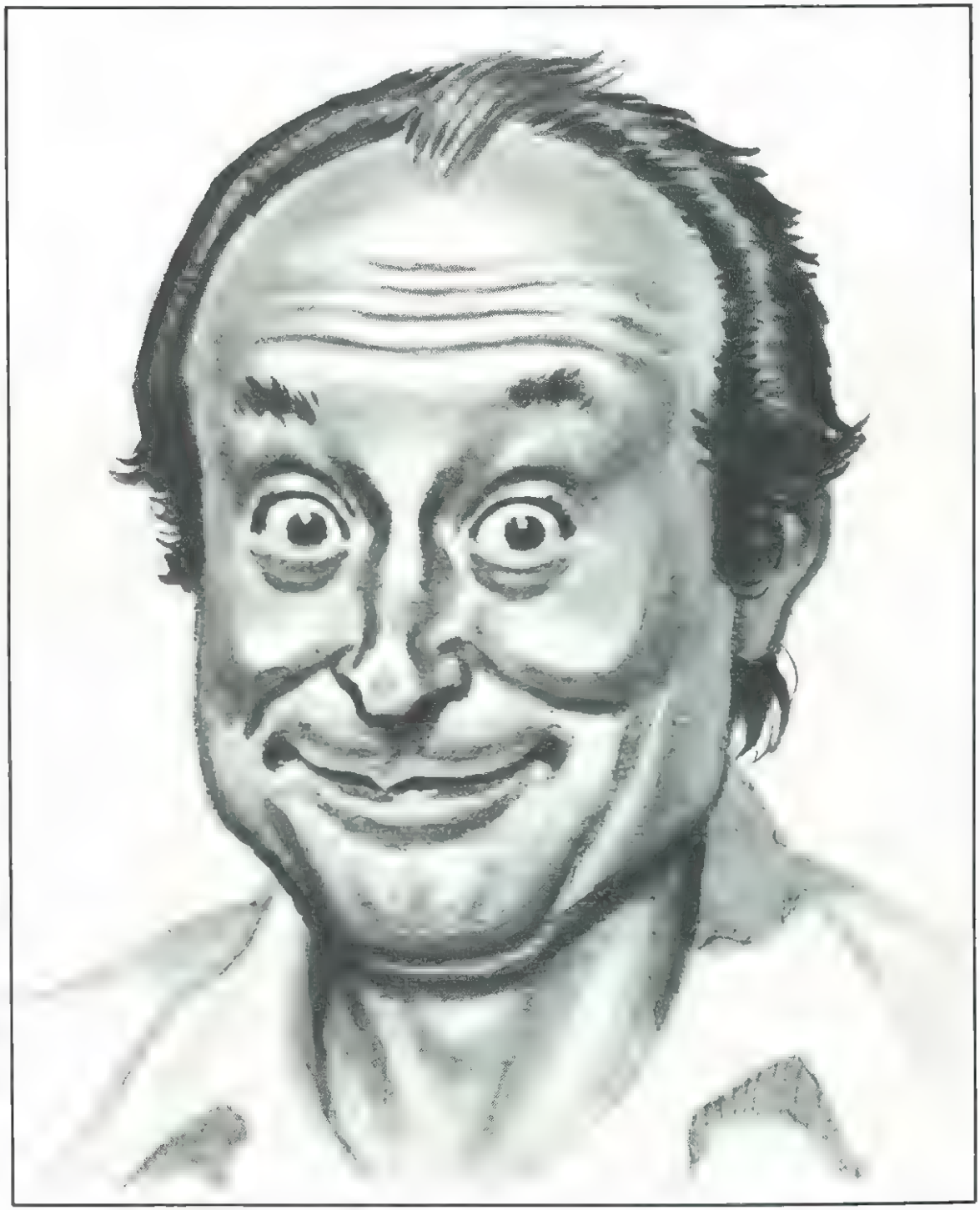
A sample copy of *The World of Beauty Pageants* can be ordered for $2.25, or an 8-issue subscription for $18.00 (Canada $2.75 and $22.00 in U.S. funds) from Pageants Publishing Company, PO Box 482, Mobile, Alabama 36601. ■

17-year-old Lori Butler of Hardinsburg, Kentucky typifies the natural beauty that garners national photogenic awards. Winner of the 1979-80 Pageants Portrait Contest.

Tammy Tiblier of Biloxi, Mississippi gains a speaking part in the movie COVER GIRL as overall winner of Miss Celebrity Pageant.

Elder Goes Commercial

(...occasionally)



ELDER
BY
ELDER

A self caricature drawn especially for Fanfare

Will Elder is one of the satirical cartooning wizards who helped Harvey Kurtzman shape the style and format of the original *Mad* comics in the early fifties. Today, with the aid of art assistant Sarah Downs, he turns out the finished paintings for episode after episode of Kurtzman & Elder's "Little Annie Fanny" for *Playboy* (about 90 adventures to date), and in recent years he has done six ink-wash illustrations for advertisements promoting TV movies and TV series pilots. These ads all appear here courtesy of Grey Advertising in New York City, the agency responsible for their preparation.

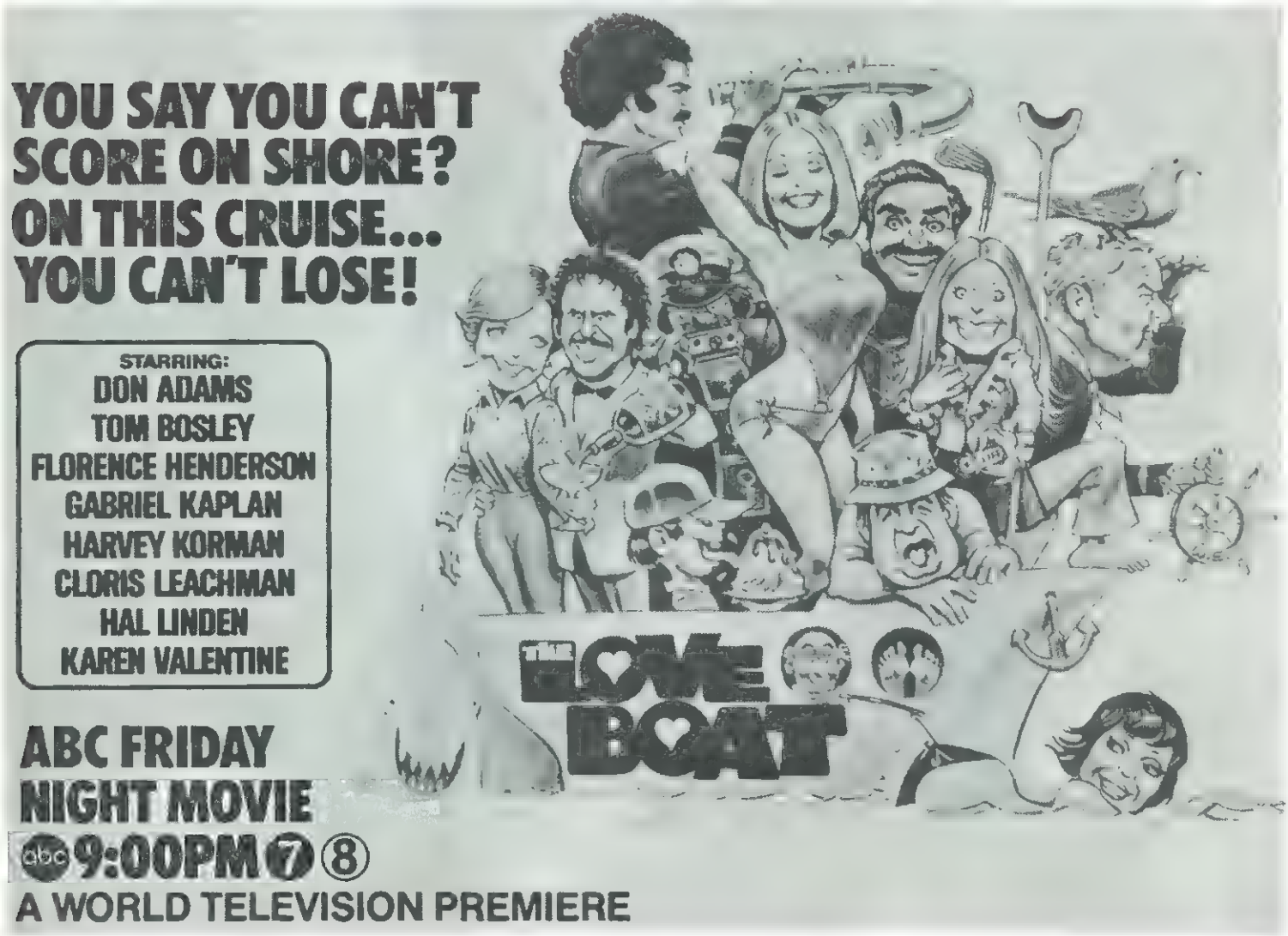
The Love Boat, Love Boat II, Three On A Date and *Make Me An Offer* were all ABC-TV made-for-television Friday Night Movies. The ads for them ran nationally in *TV Guide*—issues 9-11-76, 1-15-77, 2-11-78, 1-5-80 respectively—and in several newspapers in major cities. *The Beach Girls* and *Sorority '62* were 1978 TV series pilots produced for Lexington Broadcast Services, a division of Grey Advertising; the two ads for them ran in numerous trade publications, including *Variety*.

Kurtzman worked with Elder in creating these six scenes, and the art tends to take one back to the 1950s days of Kurtzman's *Mad, Trump* and *Humbug* magazines when Elder often used the same black & white wash technique; all his art for "Annie" has been in full-color since the strip's birth in 1962, so Elder fans haven't seen anything along these lines in ages. Seventeen years of painting "Little Annie Fanny" no doubt accounts for Elder making the gal in the top left window in the *Sorority '62* ad the spittin' image of Annie herself, with an earlier hairstyle. And isn't that Annie's Phil Silvers-lookalike agent Solly Brass rushing toward the Beach Girls with a contract — and her companion Ralphie Towzer perched atop the lifeguard stand?

Elder also did the art for four movie posters, the first being a solo effort for *Mr. Hobbs Takes A Vacation* in 1962. His involvement with "Annie" since that time has kept him so busy that fifteen years went by until he did another film poster, and then it was three almost back to back — the 1977 *Fire Sale,* 1978's *Harper Valley PTA,* and *Silver Streak II* (artwork done in 1978, both poster and film unreleased at presstime), all produced in collaboration with Kurtzman.

Other commercial ventures have included some ads for people Elder knew who invested in "off-off-Broadway plays," the North Jersey Playhouse mini-poster reprinted here, and a few more ad agency assignments. In 1959, through the Horton, Church & Goff agency in Providence, R.I., he did illustrations for three Page & Shaw Chocolates semi-animated TV commercials; scenes from one of these were reproduced in the TV-Radio trade journal *Sponsor.* And in 1977, for Image Communications in New York, he designed and rendered the buxom Ms. Max seen on the "cooler" decal for Maximus Super Beer, a regional brand sold in the Northeast.

Elder did scores of advertisement take-offs for the Kurtzman humor magazines



of yesteryear, but the work on these and the following pages represents the bulk of Elder's occasional forays into legitimate advertising to date. As Will himself puts it, "I've always sort of thought of myself as commercial. In most of the ads Kurtzman lays in and blocks out the positions of the characters. I take it from there, adding a bit of humor here and there, plus the character likenesses. 'Annie' is our first love (can you blame us?) and has taken up practically all my time and energy. Occasionally in between, Kurtzman and I have filled some gaps, when stories on 'Annie' have been slowed down for some reason or other. We started the darn strip together eons ago — with blood, sweat and tears! What I do other than that is a bonus!"

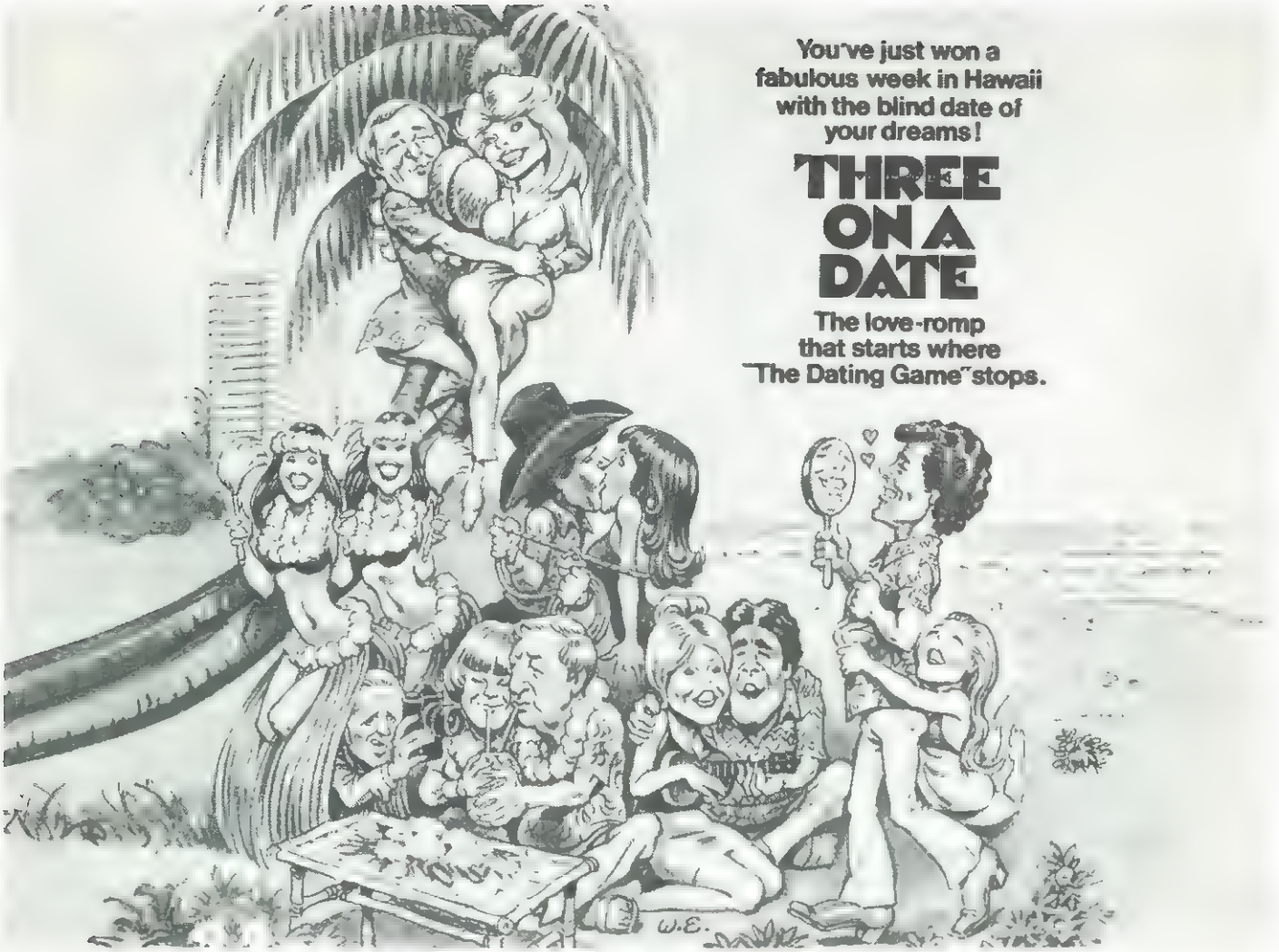
—Dick Voll

ON THIS CRUISE YOU CAN'T LOSE!
DON'T MISS THE BOAT ON THE ALL-NEW

LOVE BOAT II

STARRING:
KEN BERRY BERT CONVY
CELESTE HOLM HOPE LANGE
ROBERT REED
CRAIG STEVENS
LYLE WAGGONER

abc SETS SAIL AT 9:00PM 7 8
ABC FRIDAY NIGHT MOVIE · A WORLD TELEVISION PREMIERE



You've just won a fabulous week in Hawaii with the blind date of your dreams!

THREE ON A DATE

The love-romp that starts where "The Dating Game" stops.

These 3 gorgeous girls want just 30 minutes of your time.

They're THE BEACH GIRLS, coming your way in an exciting new TV half-hour situation comedy series from Lexington Broadcast Services. It's got everything...lots of laughs, today's top sounds, and super guest stars every week.

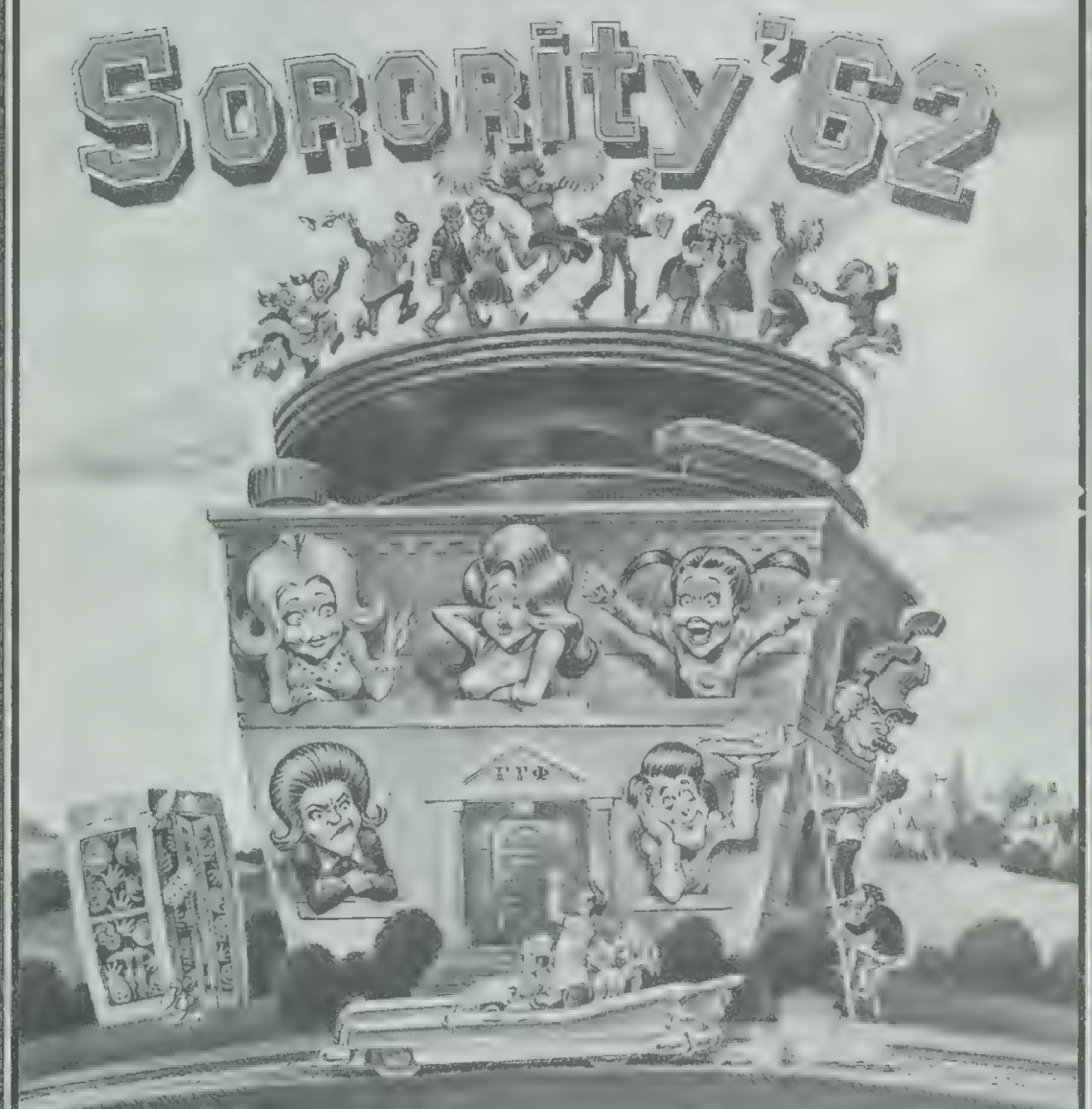
THE BEACH GIRLS have two things in common: Music...and Beauty! They start their own pop music act, move into a luxurious Malibu Beach house, and head for stardom.

THE BEACH GIRLS access pilot special is now in production for broadcast in January. Pre-sold to 80% of U.S. TV households, including the NBC O&O's, sponsored by Procter and Gamble, produced in association with Hanna-Barbera Productions, THE BEACH GIRLS pilot is offered for syndication by Lexington Broadcast Services.

Abandoned by the husband she loved,
Joyce is finding herself a whole new life.
She's heading for the top in a world
of million dollar mansions and power-mad men.
Now the sky's the limit!
But is that where she really wants to go?
SOLD
H.K. & W.E.
SUSAN BLAKELY in "MAKE ME AN OFFER"
Starring PATRICK O'NEAL With JOHN RUBINSTEIN EDIE ADAMS STELLA STEVENS
abc ABC FRIDAY NIGHT MOVIE 9:00 PM 7 8
A WORLD TELEVISION PREMIERE

Little Annie Fanny herself is caught vacationing in this fourth Kurtzman & Elder ABC advertisement.

If the "Happy Days" guys went to this college, they'd be chasing the girls of...

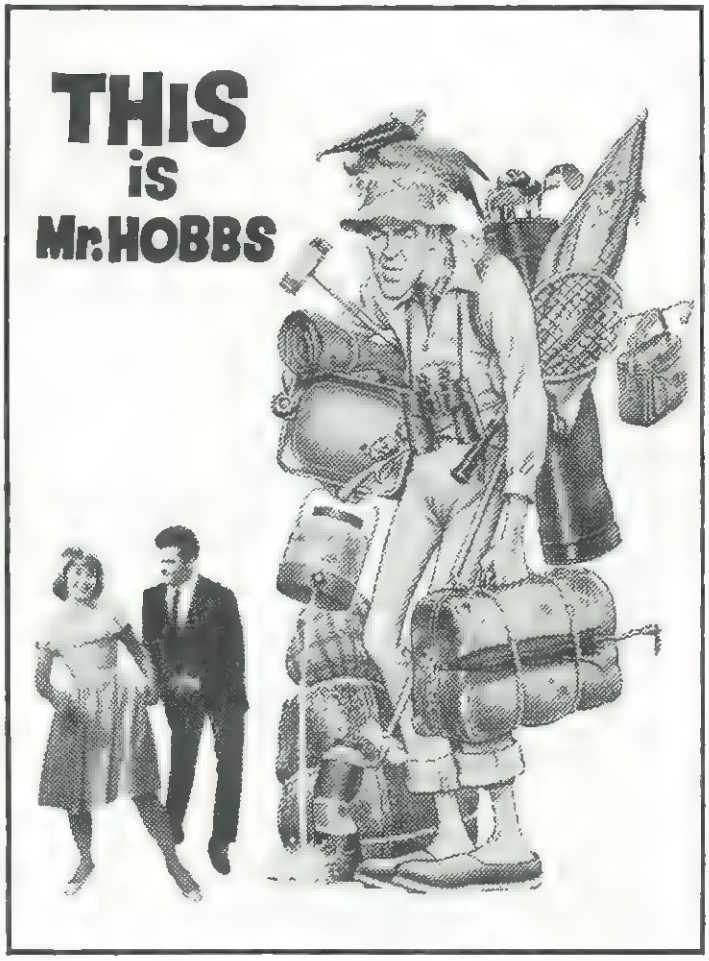


SORORITY '62 is wacky and wonderful.

The SORORITY '62 access pilot special, sponsored by General Foods, is now available for syndication from Lexington Broadcast Services for broadcast in January. The ABC O-&-O's and 50 other stations across the nation have already committed to the SORORITY '62 pilot. Join them.

Become a part of The LBS Network.

LEXINGTON BROADCAST SERVICES COMPANY, INC.
300 THIRD AVENUE, NEW YORK, N.Y. 10022 (212) 838-1185

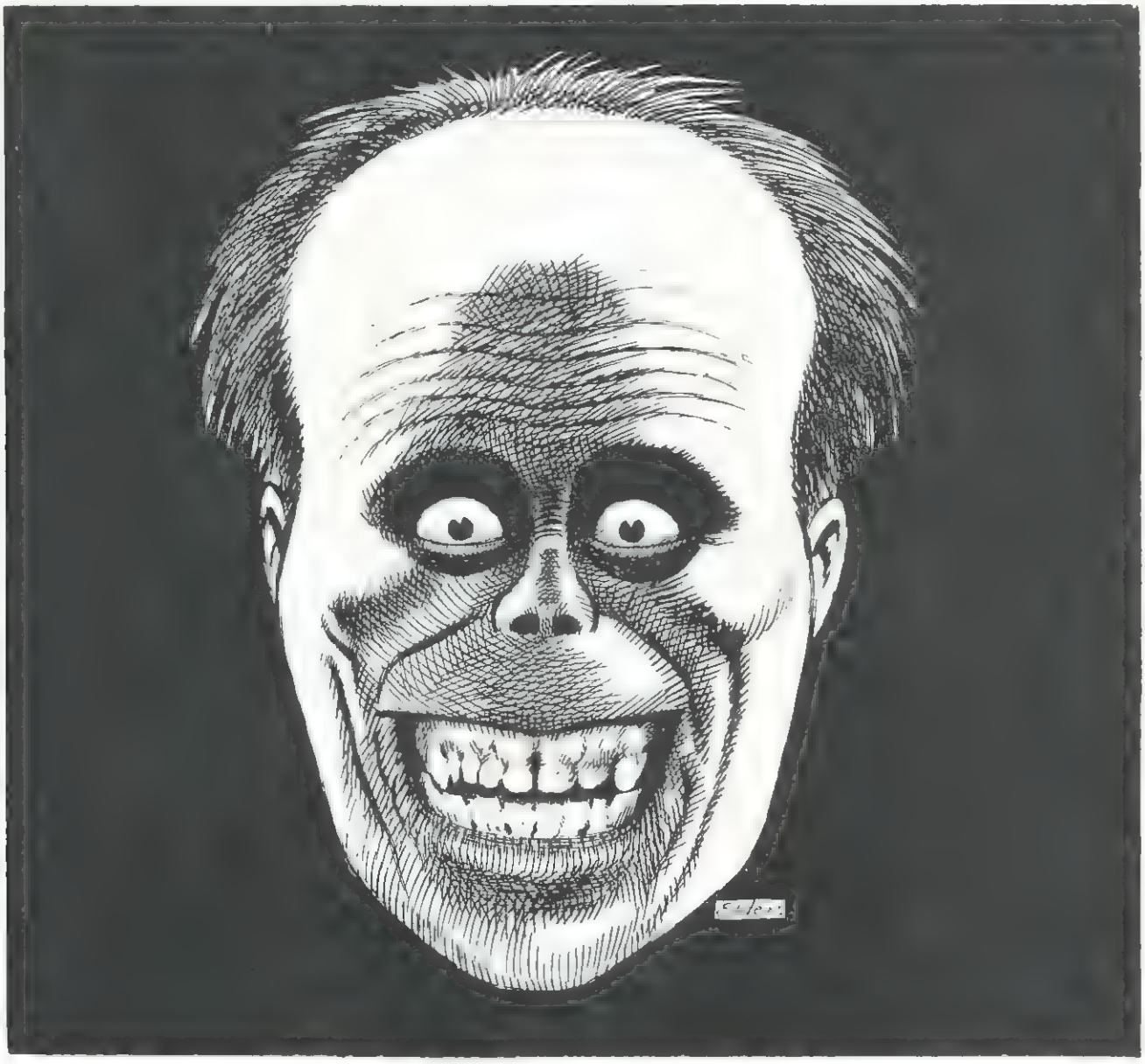


Three applications of Elder's art done for the 1962 20th Century-Fox production *Mr. Hobbs Takes A Vacation*. The one above is from a newspaper ad mat reproduced in the film's pressbook, and top right is the scene as it appeared on the 1-sheet poster. The pre-release "teaser ad" (bottom right) shows Elder's unretouched version. Promotional materials using the artwork also included a "standee," a 6-foot-tall cardboard figure designed for display in theater lobbies.

FIRE SALE
The Fikus Family:
They're Not Roasted.
They're Not Salted.
They're Just
Plain Nuts.
A MARVIN WORTH PRODUCTION
Starring ALAN ARKIN · ROB REINER · VINCENT GARDENIA
ANJANETTE COMER · KAY MEDFORD and SID CAESAR
Produced By MARVIN WORTH Directed By ALAN ARKIN Screenplay By ROBERT KLANE Based on his Novel
Music DAVE GRUSIN COLOR BY DELUXE
PG PARENTAL GUIDANCE SUGGESTED

The song was scandalous. The movie is hilarious!
HARPER VALLEY PTA
"The day my momma socked it to the Harper Valley PTA"
HARPER VALLEY P.T.A.
BARBARA EDEN · RONNY COX · NANETTE FABRAY · LOUIS NYE · SUSAN SWIFT · PAT PAULSEN
PHIL BORACK
GEORGE EDWARDS
BARRY SCHNEIDER
GEORGE EDWARDS
NELSON RIDDLE
Harper Valley P.T.A.
JEANNIE C. RILEY
TOM T. HALL
GEORGE EDWARDS
RICHARD BENNETT
An Abra Pros Productions
Original song and sound track album available on Plantation Records

"An 8½ x 11 mini-poster done in 1960 for a local silent movie classics festival, with none other than my idol, Lon Chaney, Sr.!"



THE MOST HORRIFYING FACE IN THE WORLD!

THE ONE AND ONLY

LON CHANEY

IN THE ORIGINAL

"THE PHANTOM OF THE OPERA"

SPECIAL SHOWINGS - MIDNIGHT, SATURDAY, JUNE 27TH • MONDAY, JUNE 29TH

• INQUIRE AT BOX OFFICE FOR SEATS •

NORTH JERSEY PLAYHOUSE · · FORT LEE

8:45PM

PHONE: WHITNEY 5-5600 — RESERVATIONS —

TWO BLOCKS WEST OF PALISADES AMUSEMENT PARK

An Ohio-Michigan area TV ad campaign that ran for 9 weeks prior to Christmas, 1959. From SPONSOR, January 16, 1960:

I.D.'S PITCHED BOTH SEXES

Working with Transfilm-Wylde, the Horton, Church & Goff agency developed three limited-animation I.D.'s (commercial spots) to alternate in the schedules. Each had an approach designed to reach a specific audience. One was a man talking to men: voice (against tom-tom background) intoned, "Wife on warpath—give Page & Shaw chocolates, the candy that says you care the most —at candy counters everywhere." Another, angled to women, emphasized general candy giving. A woman's voice said: "Birthday, holiday, any day. Give Page & Shaw," etc. A third, reproduced at right, had both voices. Woman: "Girls go for men who give Page & Shaw chocolates." The man gave the standard closing phrase. *Mad* comics illustrator Bill Elder made as many as 12 separate drawings to give full-art feel, rather than pop-on, to the "visual squeeze" technique employed.

Cooler decal art done in 1977 for Image Communications, New York. Maximus Super Beer, sold only in the Northeast, is a twice-than-normal-strength brew with advertising aimed toward the macho college man market.

Kenneth Anger's Magic World

By T. Casey Brennan

The trip from my rural home in Michigan to Kenneth Anger's plush New York City apartment was long, not only in miles, but in experience. I had supported myself through most of my adult life with writing — for magazines of every conceivable kind, throughout the United States and Canada, and extending even to Spain, Japan, and India. Still, I was basically a country boy at heart, and my contact with the aforementioned publications was almost entirely through the mails. Despite my limited success as a writer, I was by no means accustomed to meeting personages of the caliber of that noted author and producer of underground films, Kenneth Anger.

Anger's pictures include *Fireworks* (1947), *Rabbit's Moon* (1950), *Eaux D'Artifice* (1953), *Inauguration of the Pleasure Dome* (1954), *Scorpio Rising* (1964), *Kustom Kar Kommandos* (1965), *Invocation of my Demon Brother* (1969), *Senators in Bondage* (1976), and his forthcoming *Lucifer Rising*.

Rolling Stones superstar Mick Jagger composed the music for *Invocation of my Demon Brother*. The music for *Lucifer Rising* will be written, in part, by the lead singer of the rock group Led Zeppelin, Jimmy Page. Mick Jagger was originally slated to appear in the film, but has resigned in favor of a new British actor. However, it will star Jagger's former girlfriend, Marianne Faithfull, another rock star whose songs include "As Tears Go By," a hit of some years back. It will also feature T. Casey Brennan, yours truly, in a brief but significant role.

In addition to his films, Anger is also the author of *Hollywood Babylon*, a history and critique of the movie industry, a bestseller, now out in paperback from Dell Books.

Anger's entire life has been wrapped around the magical world of movies. As a small child he appeared in Max Rein-

hardt's 1935 Warner Bros. production *A Midsummer Night's Dream.* His love of the medium is obvious from a glance at his lavishly decorated home, where walls are literally covered with movie posters and other memorabilia.

When I arrived, Anger took me on a lengthy tour of his private museum of items given him by the stars themselves. I saw Jayne Mansfield's handkerchief and Marilyn Monroe's lipstick, as well as numerous autographed posters and photographs of the stars of past and present.

He was embroiled with the problems of producing *Lucifer Rising.* He showed me a storage room packed with reels of film, including his past movies and footage for the still unfinished *Lucifer Rising.*

He was having difficulty getting a poster printed for the picture, as all of the printers he had contacted were booked solid, and production would be delayed three months or more. I directed him to the printer used by one of my publishers, and that problem, at least, seemed resolved.

When the tour was completed, I sat and talked with Anger and a small group of his friends. Anger entertains his guests with a delightful flair, and even at a private gathering his talent for showmanship shines through. After we had chatted a few moments, he flicked a hidden switch that turned out every light in his apartment.

"There's been a power failure," Anger said grimly, with feigned seriousness. "Probably half the city is like this now."

In this dark and eerie setting, Anger began to discuss his genuine belief in the occult, and its relationship to his many films.

"The filmmakers of the past were Magicians," Anger said, "The camera was their Magic Lamp of Art."

Though practical and businesslike, Anger's association with the world of the supernatural goes far beyond the mere desire to lend authenticity to his movies. His arms are covered with tattoos of mystical origin. I questioned Anger on this. He replied that they represented the insignia of secret societies dedicated to the study of Magick. Anger is extremely well versed in this field, and seems to fit into the tradition of such respected occult figures of the past as Alessandro Cagliostro, Eliphas Levi, Adam Weishaupt, and Aleister Crowley.

Anger's special love is the philosophy of the flamboyant mystic, Aleister Crowley, who, in 1904, proclaimed the anarchistic maxim: "Do what thou wilt shall be the whole of the Law." Crowley's beliefs were a curious mixture of anarchy and the occult. In *Hollywood Babylon* Anger quoted Aleister Crowley's holy book, *The Book of the Law,* with the caption on a movie still — "Every man and every woman is a star." The ironic part is that the quote, as it was used in the Anger book, seemed to use the word "star" in its Hollywood sense. Yet Crowley's meaning was purely mystical. Still, Anger could see nothing incompatible in those two interpretations.

It is the role of Aleister Crowley which I will be playing in *Lucifer Rising,* in a scene where Crowley's ghost appears to set matters aright. Discussing this, I remarked that I had made some previous

Flying saucers and Egyptian mysticism in LUCIFER RISING

FIREWORKS

THE INAUGURATION OF THE PLEASURE DOME

KUSTOM KAR KOMMANDOS

Frames from SCORPIO RISING

talk show appearances on television, in Detroit, Toledo, and London, Ontario. But Anger was totally unimpressed with the very concept of television.

"I don't respect it as an art form," he said.

Continuing his discussion of the picture, he told us how parts of it had been filmed in India, England, Germany and Egypt. In Egypt he visited the Great Pyramid, but was profoundly disappointed.

"There are electric lights in the tunnels that run through it now," he said, "and they smell of urine."

Anger is well versed on ancient Egyptian religion, and the Egyptian-filmed scenes will present an authentic version of their beliefs. (In my own collection is a book entitled *Magic, the Western Tradition* by Francis King, published in London in 1975. It was a gift from Anger, and is inscribed, "For T. Casey, Thelmic Greetings, Kenneth Anger". The word Thelmic refers to Crowley's philosophy, which encompassed Egyptian religion, among many other things. The book deals extensively with the Magic of all cultures, including Egyptian.)

Anger also mentioned his latest book, soon to be published, entitled *Washington Babylon,* a take-off on the title of his previous bestseller. It will be an expose' of the Washington D.C. bureaucracy, from George Washington's time to the present.

At length, the black-out farce was ended, and Anger switched on the lights. I left greatly impressed with the man as well as his work, and with the most fantastic collection of relics of the stars I had ever hoped to see.

I had little doubt that *Washington Babylon,* the book, and *Lucifer Rising,* the movie, would continue Anger's tradition of tearing down the facades that encumber our society. There is a depth and a shrewdness to Anger that makes him well suited to that task. Calling on me at my hotel room the next day, as we strolled down the hall he called my attention to a poster advertising the hotel restaurant, depicting a roast being carved. We had been discussing subliminal advertising, and the practice of adding hidden secondary pictures to ads, to attract the viewer on a subconscious level.

Anger had spotted such a picture.

"Look at the face in the meat," he noted. "They're so obvious about it." □

Illustration: BROKEN-OFF HEYNAL (1959).

When the Nearsolar Epoch started, and the Gobi Desert began to shine with sands because of progressive dehydration, the Mongo-Tartars and the Arabs began to leave the former verdure-covered living space of their ancient homelands. These Nomads, the ancestors of the Moscovites, began to press upon still-moist Europe, in attempts to conquer it and make it their permanent pastureland, where grass for their cattle would be plentiful.

While the continent continued to develop its civilization uninterrupted and in comparative peace, Poland, stretching between the Black and Baltic Seas, stood in the way of the Mongol ambitions to conquer Hyperborea (Europe's oldest, Greek name) and save their herds from starvation and their predatory species from extinction.

The constant military pressures on Poland were beyond her numeric strength, which was even more tragic because, as an agricultural nation, she never had a standing army. When attacked, she resorted to the system of "Potrzeba" (Need), in which every able-bodied man went to war, leaving his plow and fields unattended.

From the first Asiatic stirrings on, when Dzingis and his sons Batu and Kublai drained their manpower to press against Poland, the nation survived these avalanches of predatory multi-multitudes, unconquered. Yet they leveled the great civilizations of ancient India and China.

Taking the entire history of Poland, including the later German-Austrian-Russian attack and the partitioning under the English plan to destroy Poland, and spreading all wars equally, it has averaged one war every three years.

Every spring, when the snows melted and ensuing floods drained off into the Baltic Sea, there was an invasion by the Tartars or their branch, the Moscovites, which succeeded in settling in the north.

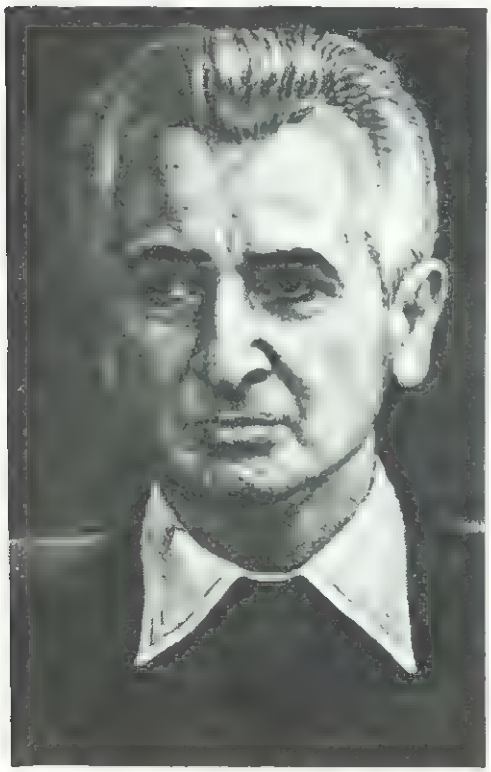
There used to be a small wooden church of "Miss Mary" in Krakow's square, on the tower of which a trumpeter would hourly play a "Heynal" to let the town know that all was well. One day, in the middle of the Heynal, the trumpeter suddenly stopped playing. The townspeople instantly knew something must have happened to him. They rushed to the little church and found him, a Tartar arrow shot through his windpipe, voiceless, pointing to a peephole, whence they saw the Tartars swarming.

The Tartars were repulsed.

Since then the ancient church has been replaced by one of the most beautiful churches of Europe. Centuries later, each hour, day and night, the Heynal is still played. But the melody stops abruptly, as it did in the throat of that heroic Heynalist of Krakow.

Szukalski

Szukalski self-portrait



Sculptor, painter, philosopher, scientist, writer. Born in Warta, Poland, December 3rd, 1895, Stanislaus Szukalski now resides in Burbank, California.

*The following excerpt from Ben Hecht's 1954 autobiography, **The Child of the Century**, serves as an introduction to both Szukalski and another autobiographical excerpt, "When Wright Was Wrong"—a chapter from Szukalski's own memoirs, telling of an encounter with the celebrated architect Frank Lloyd Wright.*

We went with Szukalski to his studio, which was an unused loft in a Wabash Avenue building whose windows looked out on the thundering elevated cars.

We entered a dimly lighted barren room that looked big enough to house a regiment. And a regiment seemed to be in it, lined against its shadowy walls. They were Szukalski's statues in plaster, bronze and clay.

I had never seen any statues like them, nor have I yet after thirty-nine years. They were like a new and violent people who had invaded the earth. They seemed to be without skins, and their sinews writhed like imprisoned serpents. Torment and grandeur were in them, and a mysterious shout seemed to hang over their heads. It was the shout of Prometheus from his rock. Lucifer and Christ were there and the wrath of God. Hypocrisy, valor, despair and rapture gestured commandingly in the shadows. There were figures that cringed with withered hands held out for alms, and heroes who seemed strangled by their own strength. Secrets animated all the statues, and I was bewildered looking at them those first fifteen minutes.

My friend Wallace had not moved from the first statue—the Aesop. He seemed to be reading it. He pondered on each of its sinews, joints, drapes, folds of flesh, fingers and features. His own face had lost its mockery. I became aware that Wallace was looking at his own talents turned into genius, his own fanatic draftsmanship made alive by art.

For twenty years my friend Stanislaus Szukalski experienced disasters which would have killed off a dozen businessmen. Sickness, hunger and poverty yipped everlastingly at his heels. Defeat stood constantly in his doorway like a sheriff with

a subpoena. And during his struggle he heard only the catcalls of critics and the voices of derision. Yet when I saw him in 1934, twenty years after the day Wallace and I first visited his studio, I saw a man who had feasted on power and whose eyes smiled with triumph. He had been sent for by the Poles and he was on his way home.

Szukalski became a great artist, not only to me but to a nation that was to hail him as the greatest of living artists. Yet his name is today unknown. His works are vanished. He is without public, without critics, and so complete is the world's ignorance of him that he may as well never have existed.

"I put Rodin in one pocket and Michelangelo in the other and I walk toward the sun," Szukalski said in his powerful youth. And he did, toward a sun that was to illumine him and all his greatness for an hour and then black out forever.

He had attended art school in Cracow, and that name was to him greater than Paris or London. His father, a blacksmith, had brought him at sixteen to the U.S.A. and settled in Chicago.

After twenty-five years Szukalski returned to his native land. With him went a wife and a cargo—all his amazing statues, all his undepleted portfolios of marvelous drawings.

And a wonder happened. As Szukalski had loved the Poles, so did the Poles love Szukalski. The sun came out. Honors overwhelmed him. The Polish government of that time embraced him as the Finnish government had embraced the composer Sibelius. The government gave him a studio, the largest in Warsaw, and proclaimed it a national Szukalski Museum. The critics of Warsaw pronounced him the greatest living artist. He was given a commission to erect a statue in the center of Warsaw, one that would blazon Polish valor and genius to the world. Other commissions were given him, more than any one sculptor could execute in three lifetimes. Szukalski statues were to rise in Cracow, and all the cities of Poland. A triumph as unique as the love and glory that once surrounded Michelangelo beat around him—and vanished.

The first Nazi *Luftwaffe* bombardment of Warsaw scored several direct hits on the Szukalski National Museum. It was destroyed. In the rubble that remained lay pulverized and burned to ash every statue Szukalski had ever hewn and every drawing and painting he had ever made.

After two years of underground wandering Szukalski returned to his railroad junction again—the U.S.A. We met. I listened to his story. I remembered his statues and recalled them by name—his Aesop, his Homer, his Man with a Worry. He smiled as I spoke of these and of his scores of other works.

"I am pleased you remember," he said. "They are all gone. I am going to start over again."

In 1949 I received a long letter from Szukalski. He was living in Hollywood. He was engaged in manufacturing "historical tiles." A sample tile came with the letter. A seven-branched candlestick and other Hebrew symbols ornamented the tile. He was able, wrote Szukalski, to produce these fine tiles for as cheap as two dollars apiece. He asked my help in peddling them to rabbis and synagogue congregations.

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When Wright Was Wrong

By Stanislaus Szukalski

In 1916 at the Art Institute there was a new show, one of the Chicago Artists' works, in which I had never participated. The local societies were bolder with each public exposure until the public saw the same enlargements of the microscopic slides of samples of degeneracy smears that we see today. The moronic simpletons, encouraged by the Modernist sanction to take advantage of the Democratic equality with the inspired creators of the Art of the Ages, blazoned out their smearings. (This should be classed with the smearing of excrement of infants on walls and furniture, as psychotic.)

The "liberated" Trustees and some members of the nouveau-cultured meat-packers, forming the new Elite, would donate new awards as "high" as fifty dollars, one hundred and "even" two hundred for the best portrait, for the best landscape, but each would strëss the sanctific phrase "in oil". To the newly culture--touched a painting, no matter what was wiped on canvas, achieved real Art only when it was "in oil." I was galled by this unthinking babble, so I decided to contribute something that would puzzle the local Jury as to what to do with it.

I painted an "abstract" (something one does not know what he blotches), framed it, signed with the Russian name Niezdieshnyi (not-from-here, a foreigner) and placed it in a large goldfish aquarium. A friend contributed some cheap machine oil for pouring into it. This was taken by another friend to the shipping department of the Institute.

I knew one member of the Jury who agreed to do all possible to have the work of a fool accepted. He voted for it, so did others, until the aquarium was exhibited. Beneath it and in the catalogue stood the name of the Modernist Russian and his "Improvisation in Oil". It was given an award and caused for a few days a sensation that could happen only in provincially sophisticated towns, where hoaxes are fallen for. Then the aquarium's metal frame, containing the glass plates, sprang a leak and the machine-oil smelled to heaven. The masterpeice was sorely missed by the nouveau-cultured Elite and the leaky sample of Modernism was not bought by some humorless Patroness of Art, to be eventually willed as an addition to the permanent collection of the Institute's Museum. What a pity!

After returning to my studio on Wabash, I began to work. It was on the piece, "Birth of Thought." I had barely stood my cane behind the door when I heard the running steps of someone in a hurry. The door was flung open and my friend Schindler appeared, breathless.

"Who in the devil chased you so hard? What has happened, Schindler? Some lady is rubbing her legs together for love of you?"

"Much, much better! *You* are being chased! You are wanted!"

BIRTH OF THOUGHT (1916). The hands in bondage deliver Thought out of the cranium. Man is the only species extant who populates this universe with Manlike Gods created in his own image.

"If she is beautiful, how can you wish me to have her?"

"All fooling aside. I've come with some wonderful news for you!"

"At the Institute they want to fry me in that oil, then award you for the contribution to local Culture!"

"Frank Lloyd Wright wishes you to decorate the Imperial Hotel in Tokyo," Schindler said. "He sent me for you! Will you come right now?"

"This would enable me to see the Diabotsu of Kamakura and see the cuddly girls of Japan. Hurry up, let's go!"

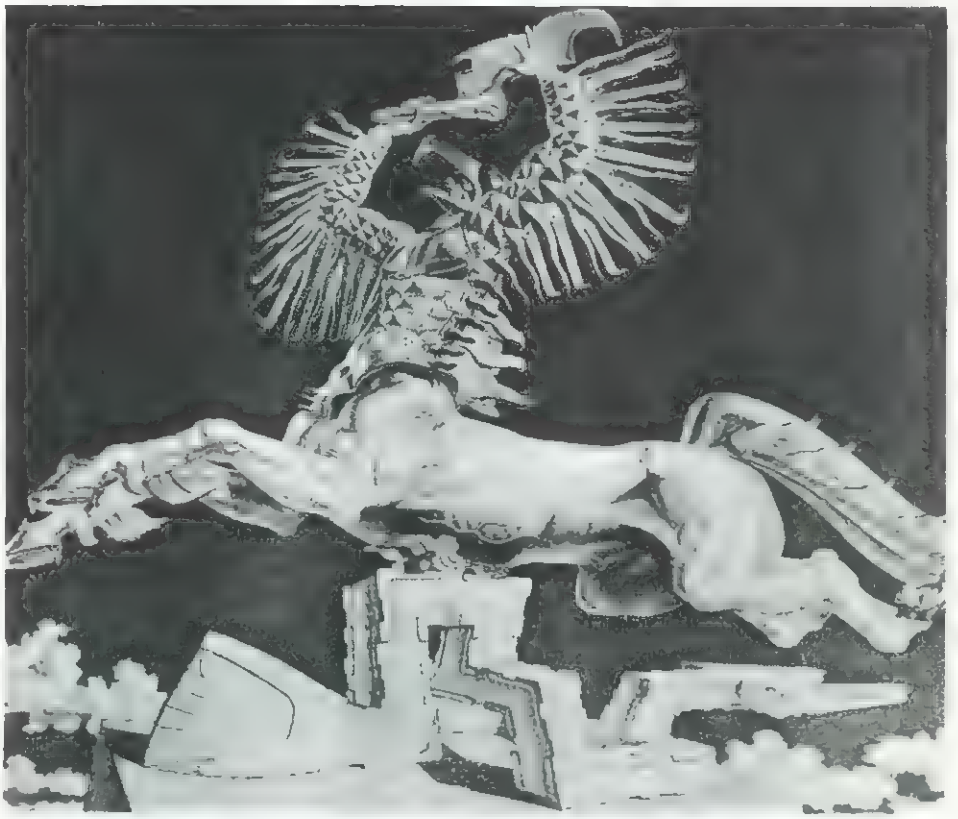
Right there stood Wright before me, the man I joined in discussing with my friends some time ago. He was graying and erect, a little taller than I. I was struck by his chronic expression of face that was intent on giving you the impression he was doing you a great favor in descending from Olympus to talk to a mere human. There was an air of the operatic hauteur in the way he looked at people. From the highest peg he could boringly look with complete condescension. He was an aging man of monumental vanity, to which attested the fluffy folds of his face from too many massages. He looked more like a lesbian dressed in a tailored suit. Besides the permanently raised eyebrows in a pinched arch of impatient sufferance, he pursed his lips so they looked prim and prissy. The right hand, constantly returning into his right trouser pocket, gave him the desired air of a nineteenth century beau vivant. His hair was not as long as mine but painstakingly and prettily shaped around his face in ringlets.

I immediately sized up the man before me and took a dislike to him. Aside from his great virtues as a somewhat creative architect, I detected by his assumed physiognomy a shade of a dignified sham. For a man to whom I granted a considerably greater size, I suspected he had a way of not becoming that stature.

From what I had seen of his architecture in books and periodicals, I thought he could afford to be more humble. Such posing would have been consistent with an adolescent who wishes to impress people by play-acting the role of an important man. And his manner was not intended only for my benefit. This was a chronic case of actorship, such as little girls playing grandmamas on high heels and lorgnets on their noses. His facial expression lines were as if picked in the middle of the forehead by a fish-hook and pulled up while the corners of the eyes and mouth drooped down.

"Mr. Szukalski, I asked Schindler to bring you here, for I would like to consider you to decorate by Imperial Hotel in Tokyo. I have seen your works at the Art Institute and in the Press. Schindler has been so enthusiastic about you as a person of intellectual integrity that I have been won over."

"However," he continued, "there remain some matters to be talked over so there would be no misunderstanding. You know that Architecture is the Mother of Art, and the prime concern of an artist should be to



POLITVARUS (1929). I made this large drawing in May-En-Multien, 69 kilometers from Paris, near the city of Meaux, finishing it on the day the liberator of Poland, Josef Pilsudski, died. It is his likeness in the close-up illustration shown above.
"Politvarus" is a mythic being which combines the names of three soil-tilling nations—Poland, Lithuania, Rus (pronounced "roosh," the present Ukraine)—once united against the monstrous nomadic predator peoples of the Asian prairies.

enhance the Architecture. If an architect has a building to be decorated by a sculptor or a painter, he must wholly submit to the decisions of the maker of that structure. He cannot conflict with the architectural intent or introduce any new elements that would be detrimental to the whole architectural scheme. Do you agree?"

"Yes, completely," I answered. "But there are also a few things I would like to stress. What you just said Mr. Wright, I knew before coming to see you, for these are the elementary things we are told in textbooks and schools. These views are orthodox. There if I disagree, it will be not with you, sir, but with the rubberstamp rules of the artistic credo, established by dull minds. If we discuss, I assume you grant me the privilege of talking with you on your par and not as one who is told how matters are in Art."

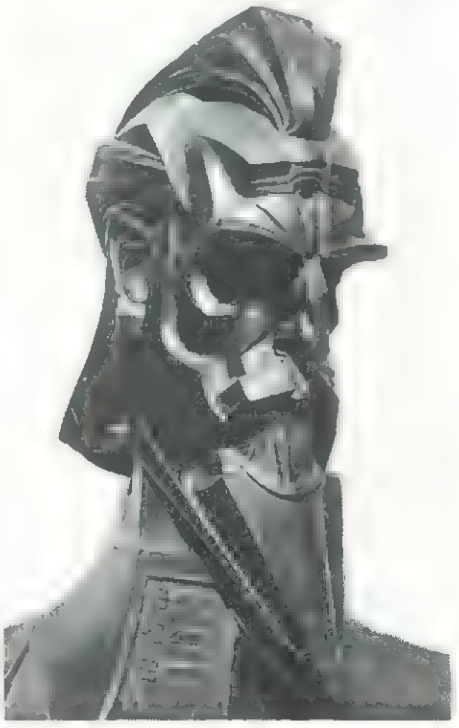
I had made an opening, and continued. "I think that John Ruskin, who is responsible for the phrase of Architecture being the Mother of Art, should be counterposed by my claim that long before the first shacks were erected out of sticks, the priestly artists painted mammoths, bisons, horses and anthropomorphic, magic creatures of poetic concepts on the rock walls of caves. Long before any attempts at architectural planning, there were those who, in their anticipation, were capable of *foreseeing* these and such structural schemings could have been done only by those who were in the habit of imaging things unseen, unforeseen—namely the artists, the poets, philosophers, no matter how primitive."

"Very good," Wright responded. "We have no disagreements on that. If I had stopped to think on the subject, I too would realize the inconsistency of our commonplace phraseology that we inherit from our professors, and they from theirs," he offered in unexpected generosity.

"But," I went on, "perhaps you will not agree with my other views. You said that before anything can be done, we must understand one another. You are a known quantity, for you are older and your views are well publicized. Mine are not. If you will be patient, I will make myself known to you by exposing my views."

"It is of the utmost importance, Mr. Wright, that the sculpture harmonizes with your or any architectural structure. Since the buildings have to be there first, before they are decorated, I would be the one to fit into the existing architectural circumstances and fit your style. That goes without saying."

"However, sir, here comes the matter of taste or aesthetic choice. Architecture is not the Mother of Art but the background, the canvas, the bulk, upon which an artist may impose a decoration that may enhance or totally efface the structural beauty of the builder's intent. An architect at best can only give a mood of solemnity, frivolity of brooding gloom, of religious adoration or of an imprisoning machine, of good or bad taste, which we call styles. On the other hand, Art, through sculpture or painting, may give to these massive structures the Expression by superimposing the warmth of life, passion, exaltation, glory, historic Apocalyptism of Revolutionary Againstism. Therefore a sculptor may breathe into its nostrils the soul of eloquent thought into the dead, but susceptible-to-life, stone or concrete bulk. Thus the horizontally pressing rock-pile may become an aspiration, made perceivable by being turned into pulsing flesh by the addition of carved stone or modelled bronze, as did the Gothic sculptors. But as that Art is superimposed, or to say it more correctly *loaned* by thought-pregnant, expressive sculpture, so that Architecture *can* take a place among the Arts as equal, so can it be effaced, deceptively altered, so that it becomes ridiculous. It can be made as prayerful as a temple, though it may have originally been a military citadel or an Inquisitional factory of lamed, crippled angels merely by the superimposition of Art, as many a church was turned into a prison by the denudation of its Art."



PORTRAIT OF VAN DEN BERGEN (1921).
This was one of three sculptures I advised myself to do—always having been a father and pedagogue to myself—when in my twenties. I had to break away for awhile from my anatomically inquisitive modeling in which, instead of avoiding the details of anatomy, I made almost vivisection-correct bodies, all from memory, without ever looking at models. In these few pieces I attempted to reduce forms to three dimensions.

Occasionally, while I worked, a white-haired man with the Hollandese name of Van den Bergen, who lived in a suburb of Chicago, visited my studio.

He was a former sculptor of exceptional abilities, but as I, he was impractical, so that he fared worse and worse in this super-practical America. After passing through the meat grinder of American misapplication of great men, he ended doing plaster heads for oculists' windows, on which the latest in glasses were pinched.

He was the noblest being I ever met, a highly cultivated man of considerable erudition. He must have been about seventy. He and I walked erectly, as a father and his son, and were most congenial in our views on the world and cultural matters. He posed for me while we were discussing with other visitors. In this portrait I attempted to commemorate his stalwartness and spiritual rectitude. Not academically tracing his features, I percolated the essence of his personality out of his less obvious presence in this ignoble world. To me he always seemed to resemble a Gothic church tower, and here I conveyed my admiration for him.

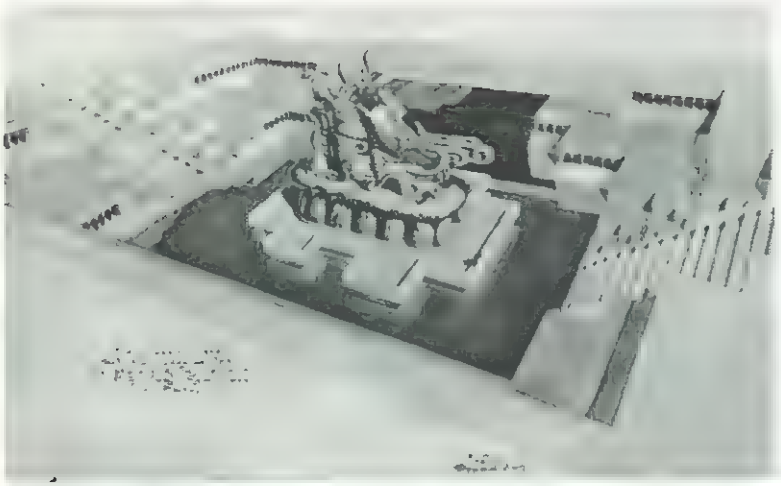
"These are things I do not like to hear," Wright inserted, "as your phrase of 'Art loaning life to Architecture'. However, I am completely won over by the general scheme."

"If I may take advantage of your patience and come to another point, sir, I believe that Architecture belongs to the inarticulate crafts. I do not regard it as Art unless it was conceived by articulate artists like Giotto or the Gothic stone-cutters. The vast dimensions do not alter the fact that any given structure is no different than a wooden table, a magnificently conceived and carved throne or any elaborately composed furniture, as I regard architects as artistic artisans. An armor is an architectural piece, so is an airplane and a battleship, all of which are the works of a Craft—but never Art."

Wright impatiently and repeatedly shaped the curly hair on the back of his head and rushed in with, "Now in these words I find no logic, no sense! Architecture is an Art. It is the most important of all the Arts!"

"Yes," I said, "that is what Ruskin told us to think and you would like it to be so. Its importance is in its dead weight, its size. If there is only the bare structure, then it merely is a pile of neatly joined stones, a gigantic piece of furniture, but if there is added some Art to its surface it may be smuggled in as one of the Arts." I spoke quickly as I was eager that he did not explode right in my face. He was so flabbergasted that he was stymied, fidgety and kept on pursing and unpursing his lips.

"Allow me, Mr. Wright, to come to my last point and from there on I shall submit to a needed lecture. Let me explain my view



COQ GAULOIS (ROOSTER OF GAUL), 1960.

The sculptor Bartholdi proposed to his government that France make a present to the young American nation of the Statue of Liberty. The government was in the hands of culturally intelligent men who were wise in materializing such a dream of a creative individual. The United States has never reciprocated in kind and given an expression of similarly generous thoughtfulness. I, therefore, have designed such a project to be given to France and have evolved the architectural setting for it and its location in Paris.

This is a monument to the spirit of the French people which is prehistorically expressed in the totemic "Coq Gaulois." The Cock of the people of Gaul derived its origin from the worship of the Dawn. His early crowing called the worshippers to rise so they might greet their god while on their feet. The three serpents have entangled France within the coils of their remote tails, and are about to attack and devour her. From above descends the Coq Gaulois, beating off the attackers with his wings, and dropping his weight between them and her. The gigantic legs and the talons of the Rooster are about to vanquish the slithering reptiles of Nazism, Communism and the disintegrating Cosmopolitanism.

Inside the monument is the central pillar which supports the weight of the bronze sculpture above. In the narrow end of the pillar is a deep niche, within which a *Pieta* is sculptured (lower right illustration). We see Mother France while resurrecting her Nazi-machine-gunned Son who rises from the grave. With one finger she raises Him, while readying her virginal breast for Him to participate again in the sacrament of Life. On her head she has the crown made of the four lost horseshoes of the Apocalypse.

on the matter of taste, for without an agreement on this point you will not wish me to decorate the Imperial Hotel.

"In my opinion, Frank Lloyd Wright is the greatest and the first-to-reappear architect since medieval times. You have surpassed your teacher, Sullivan, in better taste. Your most momentous contribution as an architect is in your large masses, the counterposition of mass-blocks. As with all creative men, not all works are on the same level of worth. But we must consider the most important structures. In characterization of your specific style I would describe it as a combination of Navajo-Zuni pueblo time-improvised buildings and the Japanese wooden temples. There is no one or was there any in a few centuries who could compare with what you have contributed to the succession of great architectural styles. The Renaissance was a rehash of the Greco-Roman epoch. The Baroque was a decomposing Limberger cheese. Now, Mr. Wright, is all this best praise, given you in a concisely small teaspoon, not a proof of how much I think of you as an Architect?"

I waited.

"Yes, I believe what you say and take the praise, for now I, too, see that you do not give meaningless compliments. These were the Szukalski sledge-hammer definitions. I have heard and read about your frankness and respect it."

The compliment mitigated him. My appeasement worked. He took my logic lying down.

"Then will you listen to my critical views on some aspects of your work? I know in advance that these will not have any effect on you, but, having come to my own opinion as to your personality, I see no possibility of you wishing me to do any sculptural work on your Imperial Hotel, as by now you have taken a cognizance of my personality.

"I believe the proper way to enhance Frank Lloyd Wright's buildings is by superimposing on them, in a most judicious way, only very sparsely spaced, very thickly carved sculptures that would act as a surprise. Surprise is an element of decoration. When a cake is delicious, one might place a few surprising pieces of sugared fruit here and there. But when a cake is bad and tasteless, the architect resorts to covering the whole structure with a super-abundance of whipped-cream, sugared almonds, raisins and whatnots.

"Though I have said that Wright's architecture is supreme today in the building Craft, it is afflicted with a malady of bad taste by the so-called decorations, where every manner of wallpaper, innocuous gingerbread ornamentation runs like a landscape, seen through an open window of an express train. You, sir, have been afflicted with bad taste of Arabesque flounces by your Master teacher and my dear friend, Mr. Sullivan. Thus the most original and best formed architecture of Frank Lloyd Wright is beset by a smallpox of meaningless, irrelevant jujubees, dangles, laces, that totally misrepresent the fine majesty of your architectural intent.

"While I am being frank, may I mention an earlier work of yours, the Midway Gardens of Chicago. Obviously the intention was to make a sprawling cafe-restaurant, a sort of a banalized paraphrase of the Imperial Pavillion of the Sun in Peking, and you invited the sculptor Yanelli to decorate your elaborate structure and its terraces. In my judgment you could not have made a greater mistake than choosing that ornamental plasterer.

"Now, sir, I wonder if Yanelli is the type of artist that pleases you, for we started our conversation with the matter of agreeing on matters of taste. I believe that all your architecture has been misrepresented by this abominable rash of necklaces, brooches, pins and miles of lace. You excel in dignity, and the Art element of your works, should be, therefore, dignified by a very fine artist, not by a mere artisan or a wallpaper hanger. In the combination of a sculptor and the architect, it is the former who can smuggle your works into the sphere of Art from the

THE SHAPER (1924). The Polish language has two words for the English word "carpenter." The "stolarz" is the furniture maker, though his work may include house building as well. But one who constructs the shape of a home out of large tree trunks is called "ciesla." He is the shaper of the sculpture, who shapes the beams by means of glancing blows of his long or short-shafted axes, while the other uses smaller, more precise implements. In this project for a sculpture, drawn in Warsaw, both professions are joined in one person, who shapes the sculpture first with the axe, then finishes it with fine tools. Sculptors would not usually make sculpture out of trees, but here I show that these may serve as fine elements of sculpture, through stylization.

lowly craft of Architecture."

He had worked himself to a boiling-over pitch and repeatedly puckered and unpuckered his lips like an old mare after relieving her bladder. Because I had fed him more compliments, which were sincere, he had softened enough to take from the 20 year old sculptor more of the self-born logic that might have been taken for insolence.

I ended my long speech and stood up, putting my hand forward to say goodbye, without waiting for him to regain the pompous dignity that encased his image like the aroma of something obnoxious.

"Mr. Szukalski, I do not think we could work together on the Imperial Hotel," said he, rather coldly in a lofty withdrawal back into his presumptive Olympus.

"Mr. Wright, this was to be expected and I am sure you are not disappointed. I know Mr. Yanelli will be most eager to repeat your Midway Gardens in decorating the Imperial Hotel in accordance with your excellent taste." I clicked my heels, then shook hands with my friend Schindler who, as most Europeans, was somehow in awe of Wright, who was his chief, and remained respectfully silent.

I terminated the visit with satisfaction, for though Wright treated the nation as a herd of morons and in public utterances trampled everyone's feelings, regarding himself as at least a God, my ability to unsaddle his conceit was to him an unprecedented experience. Schindler later told me that he had never suspected that Wright could be so successfully snuffed-out, without asserting himself. He had never seen him take near abuse from another man so silently. "He found someone more than his equal," said Schindler.

The Imperial Hotel was erected and decorated. By what sculptor? Was he able to smuggle Wright's structure among the great Arts? I never found out, nor did I care to. ■

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While living in Chicago during the 1920s, Szukalski became well known among art and literary circles. Two monographies were published: ***The Works of Szukalski*** *(Covici-McGee, 1923) and* ***Projects*** *(Chicago University Press, 1929). Reproduced in these volumes are hundreds of finished works of art and architecture, all done while the artist was in his twenties. This year the third monography will appear, spanning the artist's work from 1912 to 1979.* ***Troughful of Pearls*** *will be published by Glenn Bray, and more information can be had by writing Glenn at PO Box 4482, Sylmar, California 91342. The book will reproduce some of the works found in the earlier two volumes, but will also have current ideas of design, sculpture, new projects for monuments, and Szukalski's self-discovered new approach to anthropology, "Zermatism." The science of pictography will be explained and illustrated, and the book (12" x 12", 120 pages or more) will also have a 7-inch LP record insert featuring a 15-minute commentary by Szukalski.*

STRUGGLE (1923).

This sculpture, a few times larger than life size, expresses the struggle between Quantity, the fingers, and Quality, the thumb. It is not the fingers nor the gods which make man survive, but his opposing thumbs. They are the makers of things, the builders, the creators of cultures and civilizations. The thumbs are like creative individualists who make the mammal herd into the human society.

Here the four fingers of the hand attack the opposing thumb in mortal struggle. The thumb carries a temple tower as a part of his head. The fingers dig a hole in the center of the hand, so as to cut themselves off from their inspirer, not realizing that when they tear the hand apart, their concerted attack is in reality suicidal to their social organization, and they will perish or become slaves.

Fanfare FORUM

● *Excerpted from a review of FANFARE #2 appearing in THE ROCKET'S BLAST COMICOLLECTOR #148, by James Van Hise:*

This publication is the successor to *Graphic Story Magazine*. Whereas GSM focused only on comics, *Fanfare* has expanded those horizons to include films and other media related fare, just as the RBCC does. *Fanfare* is an excellent publication but I think it has one troublesome flaw. It tries to cover too much, and in so doing we no longer know what it's trying to do.

The front cover of this issue is a good example. Not only does it cover feature Frazetta, The Lord of the Rings, Film Noir and Comic Books, Groucho and Us, and Lost In Space, but also "Roots Country Style" and "Whatever Happened To The Golddiggers?"!!! This is a rather jarring translation at best. The magazine still obviously appeals to fandom at large, and has much larger sales to dealers than ever before, so I wonder who they are trying to appeal to with articles on The Golddiggers and Country Music? Would the magazine sell any less if these articles weren't there? I doubt it sincerely. So why overdo the gloss and the newsstand hype? Are these articles important? Do they tell us something we should know? No, they don't. An article on Charlie's Angels would have been just as noteworthy and just as valueless.

I'm not saying that unusual articles shouldn't be included. Unlike many, I found the article in the first issue on rock music by a reactionary preacher to be interesting. To know what the other side believes, one has to listen to what they have to say, however ridiculous it may be. But *Fanfare* does neither itself nor its readership justice when it considers articles on Country Music and The Golddiggers to be of interest on any level to the people who read the rest of the magazine. In attempting to be viable and commercial, *Fanfare* tends to be overly commercial, and overtly so to the extent that its covers tend to slap us in the face with its commercial flummery, even though what's inside is of much more value and depth than the covers would lead us to believe.

● *One could also argue that FANFARE does neither itself nor its readership justice when it considers articles on Tolkien and Frazetta to be of interest on any level to the people who read the rest of the magazine. A true multi-media magazine should be open to all areas of communications, popular and esoteric, and in this sense FANFARE is still in the experimental stage. Jim's RBCC, like Steranko's MEDIASCENE, purports to cover media-related fare other than comics, which is true up to a limited point. Anything outside of science fiction, fantasy, "high adventure" and cartooning is generally taboo in both mags. FANFARE has no such taboos. Just as Kenneth Anger sees nothing incompatible between the different uses of "Every man and every woman is a star," I see nothing incompatible between Anger, Stanislaus Szukalski, Will Elder and beauty pageants in the same issue. All share equal space in the world of media.*

Jay Kinney
San Francisco, California

Landon Chesney's letter in particular provoked a response from me which is worth sharing . . .

Though comic art or graphic stories still have a way to go to gain full recognition as an artform, I think things are not at all as stagnant or unevolved as Landon indicates. I certainly disagree that graphic stories stopped with Krigstein's last gasps in the mid '50s, with only a ripple from Crumb since. Innovation has continued at a varied pace since the mid '60s and continues right up to this day.

The decade between 1955-65 is another matter, for which we have the Comics Code and Congress to thank, but that meagre period is already long gone. And in fact even that time had a few high points: the peak of *Mad* as a magazine up until 1962; the fumetti of Kurtzman's *Help!*; and the early renaissance of Marvel—which satiated for all time any desire on my part to ever read another superhero story.

It occurs to me that Landon's letter, like mine in Fanfare Forum, may have been written soon after #1's appearance in late 1977. If such is the case perhaps I'm being a bit too argumentative, for things were somewhat discouraging at that moment, perhaps. Looking at things from the end of February in 1979, however, these are the things I see:

Jack Katz, already nine volumes into his epic *The First Kingdom*—undoubtedly one of the most eccentric and stupefying projects ever undertaken in the name of comic art.

Chaykin and Delany's *Empire*, an original science fiction novel, and Gray Morrow's *The Illustrated Roger Zelazny*. Both produced by Byron Preiss who also produced the innovative if flawed *Fiction Illustrated* series.

Richard Corben's *Bloodstar* and *Den*—outstanding in style and craft if less so in storyline.

Innumerable French graphic stories and novels from Pichard, Druillet, Moebius, Voss, Sole' and others; some reprinted in *Heavy Metal* and some published as separate books.

Will Eisner's *A Contract With God* and *Life On Another Planet*—new novel-length work from one of the modern masters.

Wally Wood's new self-published books.

Jaxon's *Comanche Moon* three book series of historical comix about the Old West.

Larry Gonick's new series of comix, *The Cartoon History of the Universe*.

The aesthetics-challenging work of Art Spiegelman (see his *Breakdowns* collection) and a few other underground cartoonists.

The neo-comic art of the French Bazooka group (see their *Un Regard Moderne* and *Bulletin-Periodique*) as well as the non-narrative, non-linear work of the *Elles Sont De Sortie* cartoonists (Caro, Bruno Richard, Doury).

Not all of the work above is innovative in the Krigsteinian sense of the word. But all of it as a sum total is making an international audience more aware of the potential comic art has for long narratives, beautiful well-printed art, and epic projects. Some of it is even taking up where Krigstein left off, pushing the boundaries of the medium to see how far they can go. If this is "nothing happening" then I'm unsure just what Landon is looking for as a breakthrough. Heavy experimental comics from Marvel or DC? Not too likely. The breakthroughs of the late 1970s and '80s involve sidestepping the old-line comics publishers, getting into bookstores instead of solely newsstands, educating a public that comics can do more and say more than they previously thought.

Recalling my own daydreams about the "future of the graphic story medium" from the mid '60s, I look about and see that most of them are being realized. Comic story novels. Comic art in slick magazines. Comic books for adults. None of it is quite the way I imagined, but then the "now" of 1979 is little like the future shown in old *Collier's* picture-pieces on monorails, atomic autos and electric clothes.

That's my optimistic outlook on comic art. On my more pessimistic days, I wonder if we aren't in the final happy glow of a medium soon to go the way of dime novels superceded by newer media and artforms. Three people I know have recently gotten video cassette recorders/players, and I can virtually smell the upcoming onslaught of new non-network video. It may sweep a lot of us along and make comics, any comics, seem suddenly tame and static. Your previous incarnation as *Graphic Story Magazine* would not have been ready for such a prospect. *Fanfare* just might be.

Since writing the foregoing I've read a substantial number of the articles in the issue (Film Noir, Frazetta, Groucho, Freelancing) and found them all well-written and interesting. Film Noir was especially choice — almost more sophisticated than anything I can recall in *Graphic Story Magazine*.

● *Jay has been writing a column on underground comix for editor Ted White's HEAVY METAL. Also in HEAVY METAL is a new column on fantasy & science fiction films by occasional FANFARE contributor Bhob Stewart*

(see Short Subjects this issue). Information on Bhob's own media-oriented magazine OPHEMERA can be had by writing him at 202 Highland Avenue #3, Somerville, Massachusetts 02143.

Michael T. Gilbert
Orinda, California

Although having read and enjoyed *Graphic Story Magazine* for many years, I've never before written to you. What prompted this letter was Landon Chesney's comments in *Fanfare* #2's letter column and your reply. Chesney stated that since Krigstein's work in the 1950s, no graphic stories worth writing about have been produced (with the possible exception of Crumb) and hence, there was no further need of GSM. Your statement concerning the coming of age of the graphic story ("We believed it could be done. Did anyone else?") seemed to be in total agreement with Chesney. The overall impression I got from that statement was a sense of defeat and an attempt to divorce yourself from the comics medium you once supported so strongly.

I was very disappointed by your pessimistic view of the graphic story medium. I don't know in what form you were expecting this "major breakthrough" to manifest itself, or on how large a scale. A few comments from you on this subject would be interesting.

While it's true the vast majority of comics work is the usual mindless, heartless sex and violence (especially at Marvel and DC), there *is* more to be found. On a smaller scale, though, there have been a number of minor, though potentially significant breakthroughs in the last few years. To date, none have turned the industry topsy-turvy (for that matter, neither did Krigstein's work in his day), but more possibilities for the present and future have opened up.

In the past five years or so, many new types of packaging have been experimented with. Undergrounds, ground-levels, *Heavy Metal*-type slick magazines, hardcover graphic novels (reprint and all new), tabloids, paperbacks, and on and on. The most hopeful direction seems to be the all new hardcover novel of the type that Byron Preiss and a few others are starting to push. Regardless of the merits of the work being produced, a new respectibility is being given to books such as *Empire, A Contract With God, Bloodstar*, simply because of the superior packaging involved. And with that superior packaging comes a superior price. And with that price comes distribution to bookstores and other non-traditional comics markets. The higher price should also trickle down to the creators in the form of higher salaries/royalties. With good pay and good printing and distribution, a higher caliber of artist can be attracted to the field and induced to stay. Graphic hardcovers are still in an experimental stage, and they may not last, but at least now there is a potential for success that did not exist 10 or 15 years ago.

OK, you say, packaging and distribution is well and good, but what of worth is being produced to go on those finely reproduced pages? Again, on a large scale, nothing. But on a more individual basis, more than you might think. Many artistic breakthroughs, on a smaller scale, have been produced in the last 10 years.

Breakthroughs don't always come in one sudden leap. Most times they're composed of many small advances in many diverse directions, but the final cumulative effect can be quite powerful. And if it hasn't happened in the past 10 or 20 years—*too damn bad!* It may take another 10 or 20 or 100 years to produce the type of major breakthrough we'd all like to see. How long did it take for the internal combustion engine or movable type to be invented? How long until electricity was discovered or space travel a reality? Who cares? The point is—when their time came, they became a reality. Everything changed as a result. But no one sat around waiting for these things, or setting timetables. Same thing with the graphic novel. There are people out there who do care, and strive for something better, myself included. And there will, someday, be that "major breakthrough"—whether in one large, sudden leap, or many small, timid steps.

In my own work, in *Imagine* and *Star-Reach*, I'm working very hard to someday reach that point. And many other artists, old and new, are trying their best to create something new and valuable.

While, to me, *Fanfare* is little more than a lightweight, watered down version of *Graphic Story Magazine*, I still plan to support it. You deserve at least that much for the good work you've produced over the years. For well over a decade GSM has been there to challenge and encourage those of us who care about the graphic story. Even today, I can still look back at past issues and gather inspiration. I wish you all the best with *Fanfare*. But I have to admit your loss of faith and interest in the future of the graphic story leaves me feeling rather sad.

• *GRAPHIC STORY MAGAZINE played the devil's advocate with critical essays and experimental comics until it finally ran out of gas when there was little else left for it to effectively say or do. You can only agitate up to a certain point for that sort of change, and then the Peter Principle takes over. I think GSM went about as far as it could go within its chosen parameters. If GSM lost faith and interest in the future of the graphic story it was because addressing those parameters started to lapse into redundancy, and the time seemed appropriate to move on with another, more potentially challenging format. I call your attention to FANFARE's subtitle on page one.*

This issue admittedly doesn't give much space to comics (Rodney Schroeter's "The Philosophy of Man-Thing" is about it) but forthcoming issues will have considerably more on the subject, including an in-depth essay on Charles Biro who shaped BOY COMICS, DAREDEVIL, CRIME DOES NOT PAY and, years ahead of its time, the short-lived 1949 experimental graphic story magazine TOPS.

Landon Chesney
Chattanooga, Tennessee

Obviously, alternate packaging was a breakthrough of sorts. As was the realization of the first graphic novel, whatever that might have been. Gilbert seems to feel that either of these would qualify "regardless of the merit of the work being produced."

At one time I thought an alternative to the traditional stranglehold of the establishment publishers would be enough. The emergence of the underground press in the 1960s fulfilled this goal admirably. But all I saw to come out of that was self-indulgent nonsense (excepting Crumb), identical to what is being perpetrated today in *Heavy Metal*. Beautiful packaging, magnificent production values, but the same old crap. The error in my original expectation was that the artists were there; all they lacked was a viable outlet.

The debut of *Fanfare* reminded me that *Graphic Story Magazine* was the first comics fanzine not retrospective in concept. It was closely followed by Richard Kyle's equally forward-looking *Graphic Story World*. What I found remarkable was that both publications had expired without fulfilling their original goal—if not printing the first breakthrough material, then at least reporting on it.

At the time *Graphic Story Magazine* was established, in 1967, I was expecting an immediate and dramatic change in the traditional way of doing things in comics. There were several reasons for this. One was that it was being talked up a lot. Another was that the conventional comic format was, even then, as dead as a doornail. Or at least aesthetically bankrupt, which is virtually the same thing. The people who had made the comic book an exciting form in the '40s weren't being attracted into the field any more. Eisner, Kurtzman and Toth, to name only three, had turned their attention elsewhere. I think there is a historically right time for a transition or breakthrough to take place. I also think there's a period of grace, ten or fifteen years at the outside. The problem is that there is a transience factor in art as well as technology. Comics were in a twin squeeze between both forces. And the time for realizing something genuinely artistic may well have passed.

Anyway, I was expecting that creative people, like those named above, would immediately seize on an alternate format just as soon as it was made available. My reason for thinking so was that both Kurtzman and Krigstein independently had tried to find alternate outlets, but with relatively little success.

Curiously, the talent was there and the desire was there, but when the alternative was ultimately realized, nothing hap-

pened. My impression is that we've seen a continuous repetition of the same ground being gone over time and again. A viable alternative in packaging and/or distribution will be realized and new artists, still in the initial stages of perfecting their craft, are attracted and given exposure. And this is fine, except that experimentation is more legitimately the function of the fanzine than a nationally distributed magazine or hardback book.

In fact, much of what I've seen reminds me of a very sophisticated kind of fanzine art. What I have not seen is a fully realized work by an artist who's in complete control of every nuance of his craft and with something to say that could not be expressed just as well in film or in a conventional novel. I think I was expecting something on the order of *Citizen Kane*, in graphic novel form, by an artist of the calibre of, yes, Orson Welles. Far from being unsold on the graphic story, I still think it can be done. What struck me as curious, and what prompted my original comments, was wondering why it hasn't happened before now.

Moving right along to another topic . . .

This thing that Jim Harmon has started is interesting. I thought Noebel's putdown of rock ("Rock, Drugs and the Beatles" in *Fanfare* #1) would generate some static—but a putdown of the 1950s?!? I didn't know there were any champions of the Dull Decade among students of popular culture. I always thought the 1930s and '40s were the apex of achievement among comics, movies and related arts. And I always thought this fact was well documented in all the books on the subject, if not from one's own recollection.

I was 12 in 1950, so I was in a position to remember a lot of network radio, and the last gasp of comics' Golden Age. Plastic Man, Blackhawk, The Spirit, Bill Finger's writing on Batman, Biro's Daredevil—these were hard acts to follow. If you exclude EC, or count them among 1940s comics, the annals of notable achievement in comic art are not crowded with candidates from the '50s. If I had it to do over I would've kept all the Uncle Scrooge and Little Lulu comics that came my way. Beyond that I have no regrets.

As for TV, it took 20 years for the tube to come anywhere near equaling what radio did routinely, on a continuing basis, during the '40s. My opinion is that radio maintained a generally higher level of quality programming consistently. There wasn't that much difference between the best radio comedy at any given time and those in second, third and fourth places. With TV it was a hit or miss proposition. Mostly TV got by as cheaply as possible. And it had its moments. Lucy was good; so was Caesar. But in a very real sense, all the outstanding stuff was anachronistic—Lucy was doing the visual of a radio show she'd started in the '40s. (Anybody remember *My Favorite Husband?*) And as for Caesar, he was doing silent movies. His head was in the 1920s, not the '50s.

Television coasted a long way on the sheer novelty value of being able to produce pictures in the living room. A longer way, I would think, than radio capitalized on the sensation value of being able to pull sounds out of the ether via crystal set—regardless of quality or content.

At any rate, I enjoyed radio in the late '40s and early '50s. It was complimentary to the alternate media of comics and film. Television was debilitating to all three; it annihilated radio, as it had been, and virtually crippled movies, as they had been. My reaction was that '50s TV was a poor substitute for either.

Anyway, I'll go with Harmon. The bulk of the good stuff is concentrated in the '30s and '40s. The '50s were the pits, pop culturewise.

Thomas Egan
Woodside, New York

My warmest regards for Bernie Zuber's Tolkien article, "The Magic of Middle-earth." It was indeed well researched and gives a good overall view of the growing cult of Middle-earth's creator. Its style was clear and to the point. Mr. Zuber has launched a newsletter with bits of art and Tolkien gossip called *The Westmarch Chronicle*. From what I saw (one issue) it's a fine little zine with lots of potential for real growth.

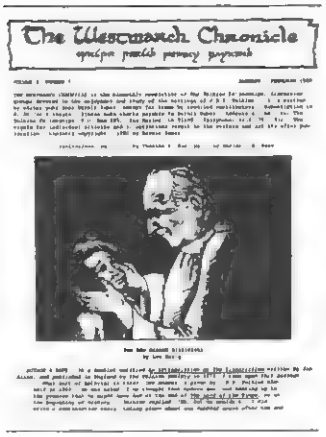
Mr. Zuber did some outstanding research in showing only a slight degree of Tolkien's influence to date. In music, for example, his mythic literature has inspired in the 1970s such a disparity of songs and themes such as the Canadian folksinger Barclay James Harvest's otherworldly piece "Galadriel" to Rush's *Fly By Night* LP with its beautiful, dreamy "Rivendell." In the early '70s, too, Bo Hanson did a whole album inspired by Tolkien and his *The Lord of the Rings*. I expect quite a few others to come forth as the "Fourth Age" matures.

Leonard Rosenmann's score of "Mithrandir" was a beautiful, haunting, almost melancholic piece and just the thing for the fabulous Bakshi movie *The Lord of the Rings*, which, despite the sniping of almost all the professional movie critics, was quite an achievement in giving audiences a taste of what Tolkien has done. Bakshi has cut out much of Tolkien's material, enraging some Tolkien fans (no Tom Bombadil; the Ents don't appear as the real saviors of Aragorn and King Theoden at Helm's Deep; no barrow-wights fighting Frodo, etc.) But it must be admitted that Tolkien invites each reader to interpret Middle-earth for himself. Each of us—whether it's Arthur Rankin & Jules Bass for *The Hobbit* TV film or Ralph Bakshi for his movie version, or simply some fan trying out his own efforts—has the right to adopt and then adapt Tolkien's world of Middle-earth to his own creativity, whether it's limited or stupendous.

I wish Mr. Zuber could have given greater scope to the lengthening list of literary popular figures influenced by Middle-earth. I think of Sanders Anne Laubenthal, Neil Hancock, Piers Anthony's new fantasy trilogy, Alan Garner, and most recently Stephen Donaldson's Thomas Covenant trilogy. Tolkien's works will, I hope, inspire more artists (Tim Kirk, the Hildebrandt brothers), writers and poets as the years go by.

The Silmarillion, too, has broken all records for a work of pure fantasy. Since 1977 it has been among the ten bestsellers of all books sold. It's a work of creation that begs for its own film.

● *For those interested in receiving THE WESTMARCH CHRONICLE, the bimonthly newsletter of The Tolkien Fellowships, a 6-issue subscription is $4.00 from editor-publisher Bernie Zuber, PO Box 8853, San Marino, California 91108.*



Johathan Pearl
Los Angeles, California

Fred Walker's "Roots Country Style" was easily the top article in *Fanfare* #2, and not just because he's a good friend of mine. The other articles and features were not really of much substance. Maybe that's the way you want it.

What distressed me is that four anecdotes from Bob Thomas' *King Cohn* (Putnam, 1967) were printed almost verbatim without any credit given. If your readers liked those stories, I'm sure they would delight in reading a whole book full of similar anecdotes.

Fred Hembeck
Troy, New York

Just a woefully inadequate and unfortunately short note to tell you how wonderful the second issue of *Fanfare* was! Best damn fan produced publication around, tho I hesitate to call it a "fanzine." As an all-out media freak, I enjoyed your entire lineup, even the Golddiggers article. What an unlikely topic for a magazine -*any* magazine—in this day and age! Yesterday's fad cover stories tend to be forgotten in the wake of the latest thing. Good stuff! Bill Munger is one of your best writers—almost as good as Mark Evanier! As a Marx Brothers fan, I found the Groucho story the most interesting and effecting piece in the magazine. Thanx for sharing it.

Comics, letters, even *Battle-*

star Galactica! What more could you ask for?? Thanx, fellows, for such a superb job! Let's see another issue—*soon!*

Craig Ledbetter
College Station, Texas

Robert Stewart wrote a very appealing overview on the new *Invasion of the Body Snatchers*, a film I thought was the best release of 1978. The movie will probably bring recognition and credibility to director Phil Kaufman. With all the controversy brewing over the recent spate of gang flicks, hopefully Kaufman's *The Wanderers* won't be shelved.

Short Subjects is a bizarre compendium of useful and useless information. Since the death of Basil Wolverton (December 31, 1978) a void was created in the world of weird. I'd like to see more tidbits from his unpublished works. The Tonight Show behind-the-scenes item was quite timely what with Carson's possible exit.

The most important article of the whole issue was the tie-in with crime comics and the subject of film noir. Film noir is definitely one of the more interesting aspects of movies of the 1940s and '50s. I'm more than amazed with anything that champion of noir art Johnny Craig has done. Macek has an impressive background in comics and film, and I would like to see a follow-up article.

The Golddiggers piece belonged in *Rona Barrett's Hollywood* or some other trash zine found at your local drugstore. No interest whatsoever in the subject.

At last an article on Tolkien that traces aspects of his career and not focusing on *The Lord of the Rings* as is the vogue now with the release of Bakshi's film.

William Stout is not only a top artist but can turn out a fine article. The overview on Frazetta's film posters was long overdue. Those *Galactica* posters are beautiful and are probably the most commercial thing he's ever done. It is indeed most saddening to see that even here his artwork is tampered with.

Mark Evanier is a fine writer, and his painful look at Groucho's deterioration was as hard on him as me. I too remember those terrifically funny films and then learning he would be on the Tonight Show and seeing him a rather doddering, tired old man. But as Mark put it, he was a funny, funny man, and that above all else should remain.

"Roots Country Style"—forget it.

All in all, *Fanfare* is a sometimes fantastic magazine. But you have too much hodgepodge. Try trimming some of the dead weight and give it a little more direction.

Richard "Grass" Green
Fort Wayne, Indiana

It took me just a lee-tle longer'n I thort to get (finally) to my readin.' Ja believe? I still ain't got to my girly books yet—but den, I've allus been one to save the best for last!

But through it all, *Fanfare* (by the way, I agree with Chesney that *Fanfare* is a much more descriptive title than the previous *Graphic Story Mag*) was first on my pile of mags to be read.

First lemme lament on how much I dig your shorter articles (yes, I'm behind on my *Readers Digests*, too). Since I'm not much of a reader—esp. regarding articles—est. *long* articles, I tend to gravitate towards the 1-2 pagers first (preferring all the while to read comic strips—but I'd rather read a good article than a bad strip—I think), then if a few sketchy glances over the longer articles look interesting, I'll give'm a try. Often, I'm disappointed. Could it be because I'm expecting a miracle or som'pin'?

Anyhow, "Why Magazine Writers Get Migraines," "Taping Tonight," etc. were my cups of tea in #2. I did read and enjoy the article on Groucho, however sad. Altho I am not nor have ever been a Groucho "fan," I can appreciate him through his movies, which are shown here (on TV, natch) occasionally. What I *can't* appreciate is the way people so stupidly can't seem to grasp the idea the MOVIE STAR FAVORITES no matter how great/good, have to succumb/give in to AGE/TIME! Big tough John Wayne (one of my all-time fav'ts), age 72. 72, man!!! And the world was shocked that he finally died. Jeezis! I don't think *any*body's gunna miss the Duke's pictures any more'n I will—or Elvis for that matter—but, man, death is a *reality*!

Anyhow, it was made evident to me, Evanier's underlying—no, *outright* resentment, that Groucho finally gave in to age/time. Or did I misread something somewhere? Seems to me that what would be resented is *exploitation* of Groucho in his last couple years—like as if PR, special appearances, etc. were going to "bring back" the old Groucho. All the moving and shuffling around is *probably* what hastened his demise.

Sometimes people are so stupid/selfish/unthinking, it's almost unbelievable. Yet, so many do it honestly thinking it's best.

In the long run, who, even, am I to say what's stupid and what ain't? But then again, why not? The whole COUNTRY's run on opinion.

And my opinion of the GOLDDIGGERS is *WOW!!!* Suffice it for me to say that I'd break my body into pieces if it meant having such chicks to sign my casts and have photos of them climbing into bed with me (page 18). Boy, that Susan McIver is bilt th' way a chick sh'd be BILT! Small wonder that she was the old-timer of the group.

Since Clay Geerdes has always given me/my work decent reviews and since I consider him a friend, too, his article "Freelancing" wasn't a big shock to see, but was pleasantly in-depth, and realistically not overly encouraging. In today's quick-buck world, rip-offs *are* common, esp. for cartoonists. Back in the early '60s, when I was trying the gag market, I believe I had a lotta good ideas ripped off. But I was lucky—I made a few bucks too. Also, Clay (big hearted guy he is) has offered me nothing but encouragement since my "return" to the drawing board. Lotsa people have been great—I'd almost forgotten how great comics/comix fandom could be.

Hames Ware
Little Rock, Arkansas

1979 was a year that saw the passing of many movie greats, but I'd like to note the passing of two lesser known men of the movies.

First, fellow Arkansan Arthur Hunnicutt, a superb character actor who livened up every film he appeared in. Though he was born to play rustics, Hunnicutt had been a teacher before he turned to acting. For me personally, Hunnicutt belongs with

Dick Powell and Alan Ladd among fine movie performers contributed by the state of Arkansas.

Billy Bletcher, a most remarkable gentleman and a good friend, also passed away (in January of 1979 at age 84). Here was an actor of incredible tenure in a variety of fields. He first appeared in film circa 1912, and his obituary in *Variety* noted that Bletcher recently appeared in an episode of *Charlie's Angels*! In the over 65 years Bletcher's career spanned, he was a silent movie comedy star, and a Hal Roach regular in the Laurel & Hardys and Our Gangs during the sound era.

Though of diminutive height, Bletcher had one of the most impressive basso voices imaginable, and consequently when sound came in his voice could be heard in nearly every Cecil B. DeMille movie, dubbing voices for various minor players. Bletcher spoke for giants (the one in Abbott & Costello's *Lost in a Harem*) as well as midgets. When the Munchkins' voices in *The Wizard of Oz* proved unsatisfactory, Bletcher and pal Pinto Colvig (voice of Disney's Goofy) were called in to dub speeded-up voices for the little people. If one slows down the voices, Bletcher can be heard as the Mayor of Munchkinland, as well as other incidental voices.

For me, though, Bletcher's voice will always bring fondest memories for the many children's records his voice appeared on (the Sparky, Rusty and Bozo and Clown series, for example) and especially as *the* animated cartoon villainous voice, perhaps the best example of which was Peg-Leg Pete, arch foe of Mickey Mouse.

One of the great thrills of my many trips to Hollywood was looking through Billy's scrapbook with Billy and his wife—there he was with W. C. Fields, Laurel & Hardy, Walt Disney, the Keystone Kops, et al. All in all, during his incredibly long career, Billy appeared with virtually everybody from Charley Chase to Charlie's Angels.

Just out of curiosity I'd like to know from other readers if any other actors had careers in movies that spanned as many years as Billy's.

I'd also like to inquire if any one out there has any information about Berniece Hansen, a peer of Bletcher's who specialized in "tiny" character voices such as Sniffles at Warner Bros. Specifically I'd like to know if she ever appeared *on*-camera.

And I'd like to ask if anyone knows who was the voice for MGM's Screwey Squirrel. It's one of the very few voices coworker Graham Webb and I failed to pin down for Mike Barrier's animation history magazine *Funnyworld*. The voice *may* be that of chameleon Frank Graham. Unlike Mel Blanc whose genius lay in creating voices that, regardless of the character, were distinctly Mel Blanc voices, Frank Graham's voices were so individually different so as to always leave to speculation the vastness of his vocal contributions to animated cartoons.

Might I also inquire for potential publishers who'd be interested in publishing Paul Leiffer's comprehensive chronology of comic strips—complete with loads of data on artists, their tenure on strips, etc. Those in a position to publish please drop Paul a line c/o *Fanfare*.

I have long ago lost interest in comic art except for working with Jim Vadeboncoeur Jr. to identify the last few remaining unidentified comic book artists—specifically from 1950s St. John, Ziff-Davis and Hillman pulp-type art. The last real mystery artist for me is one who never signed anything (naturally) yet did beautiful lettering on signs within the stories he worked on (going back at least to the early '40s and a DC magician—"Landor," I believe) but mostly seen in Hillman crime comics and finishing out his career at ACG with a couple of post-Code stories, one about a robot and another about a leprechaun. He or she was one of the best artists in comics and certainly had a most distinctive and recognizable style, yet so far no one has been able to produce a name—though Jerry De Fuccio and others are working on it.

Will Elder
Englewood, New Jersey

Here's some info on the "Rockwill" illo:

It was created as a satirical spoof of the *Saturday Evening Post* covers, then mostly done by Norman Rockwell. It was supposed to have been the cover illo for the third issue of the long-ago defunct magazine *Trump*, published and sponsored by *Playboy*, in 1957.

I somehow acquired the original painting from *Playboy* after it was published in one of the mags as background for material on the history of Kurtzman's comic satirical world—"The Little World of Harvey Kurtzman" by Rolf Malcolm, *Playboy*, December 1957.

The painting's models were, naturally, people close to me and cheap enough to afford! They were my little (very little then) daughter Nancy; my closest friends' son Bruce Yegelwell, who now happens to be a lawyer living in Florida; Mr. and Mrs. Fosnacht (name means "doughnut" in Swiss) as the grandparents in the painting; the dog was generally a swipe from somewhere. Dr. Heller, our family doctor at the time, was called to our house to minister to my son's illness, when he espied the Rockwil illo on the wall! Dr. Heller was a very conservative doc . . . gentle and kind, but never showing emotion of any kind. He stopped in front of the illo, looked long and hard, perusing it well, when suddenly—after noticing the painting was really a macabre parody rather than a straightforward Rockwell—he hit the floor, black bag flying, rolling with paroxysms of "guffaws"! The doc was reduced to a loud commoner! I was flattered . . . also embarrassed, picking the doc off the floor! That's generally what happened.

● *And that's generally it for Fanfare Forum this issue. We like nothing more than to have a letters section of truly monumental proportions, so please do your part to keep us in business by sending all correspondence of a printable nature to:*

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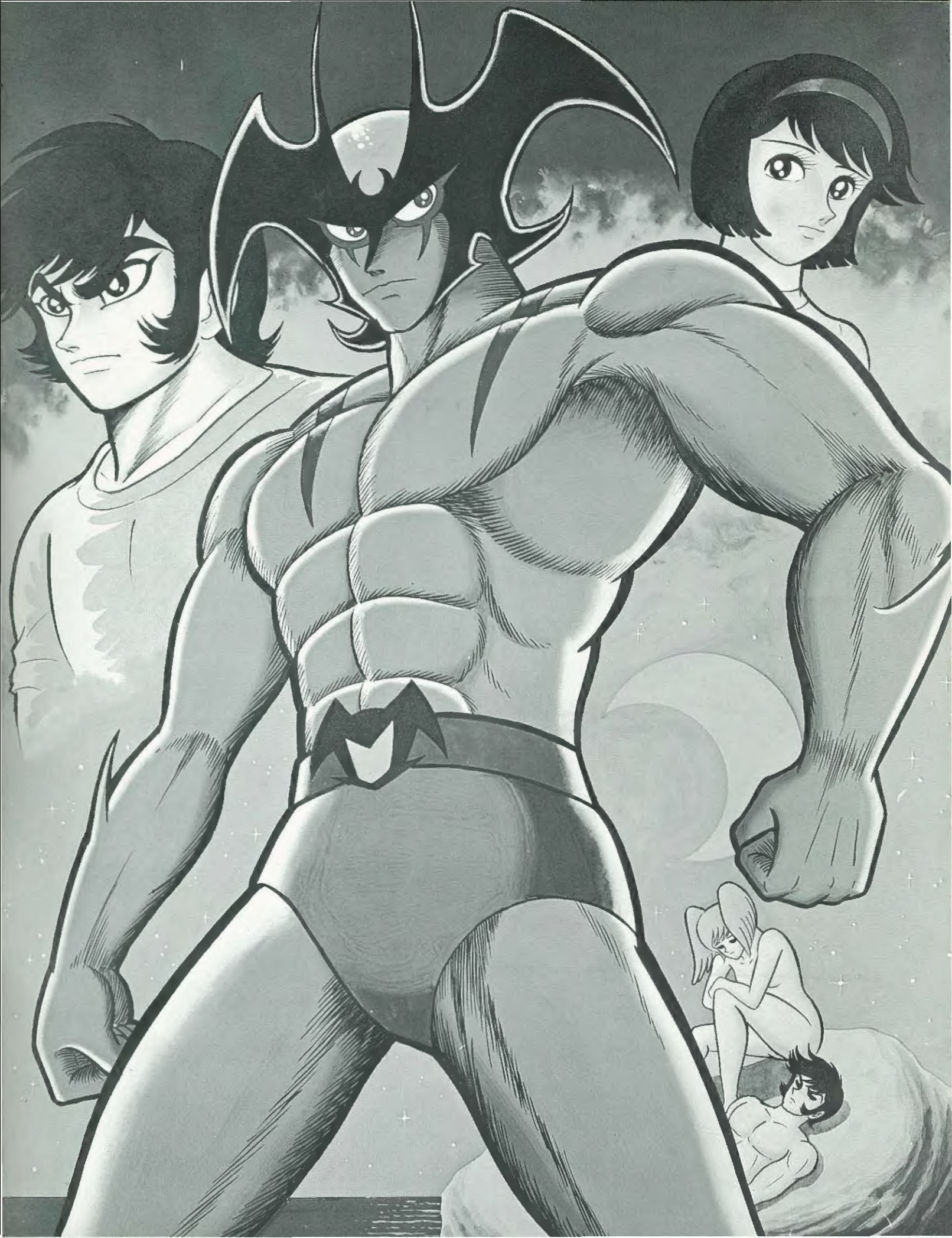

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